


THE Second Part of,

If you know not me, you
know no bodie.

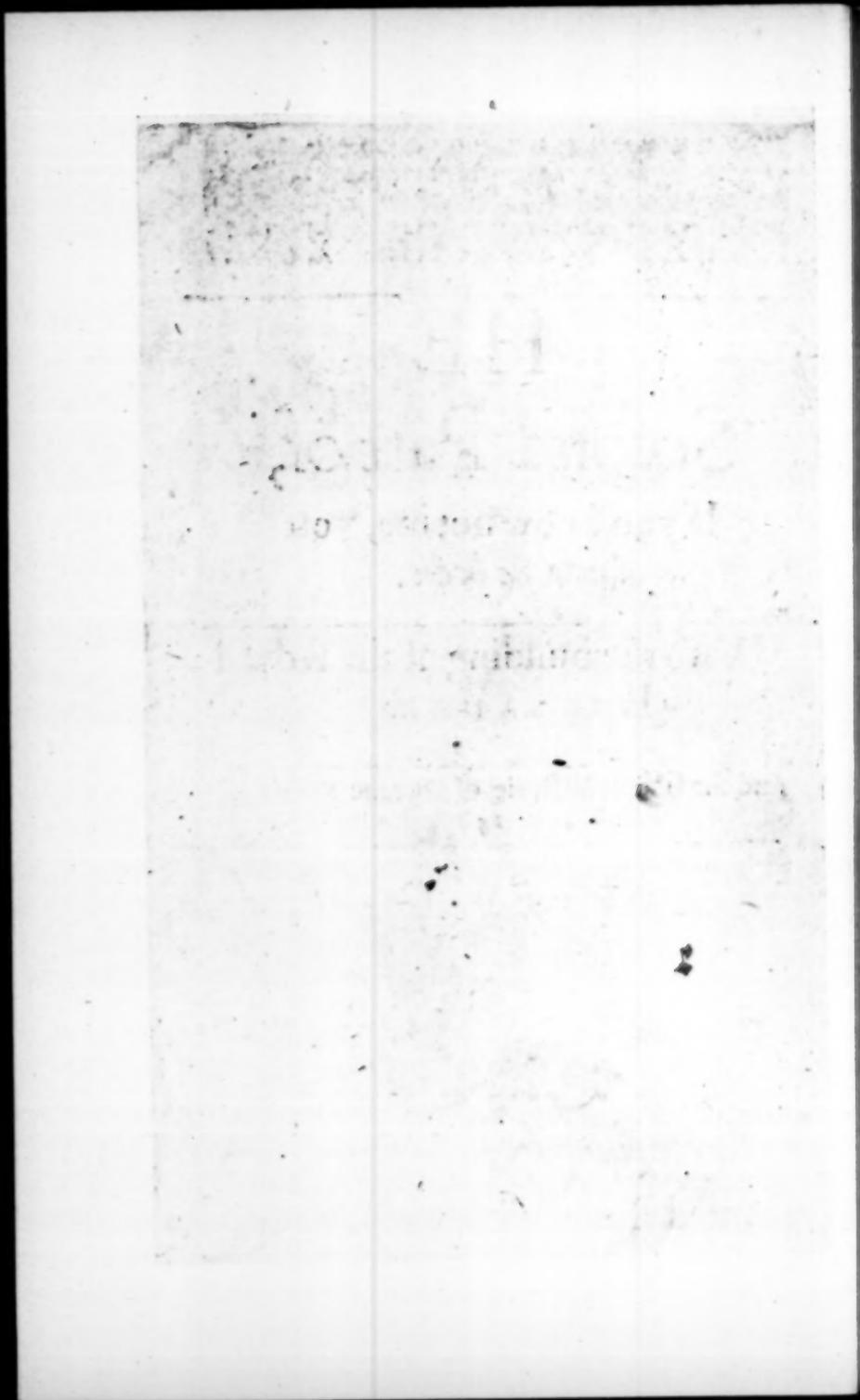
With the building of the Royall
EXCHANGE:

And the famous Victorie of Queene Elizabeth,
in the Yeare 1588.



AT LONDON,
Printed for Nathaniell Butler.
1606.

HEH 152694





The second Part of

If you know not mee, you
know no bodie:

With the building of the Exchange.

Actus Prima. Scena Prima.

Enter one of Greshams Factors and a Barbary Merchant.

Factor.

Y Master sir, requests your companie,
About confirming certaine couenants
Touching your last nights conference.

Merchant. The Sugars.

Beleeue me, to his credite be it spoke,
Hee is a man of heedfull prouidence,
And one that by innatiue courtesie
VVinnes loue from Strangers, be it without offence,
How are his present fortunes reckoned?

Fact. Neither to flatter nor detract from him,
He is a Marchant of good estimate,
Care how to get, and fore-cast to encrease,
(If so they be accounted) be his faulcs.

Mer. They are especiall vertues, being cleare
From auarice and base extortiōn.
But here he comes: Good day, to M. *Gresham*,
You keepe your word.

A 2

Enter

If you know not me,

Enter Gresham.

Gresh. Else shoulde I ill deserue
The title that I weare, a Marchants tongue
Should not strike false.

Mar. What thinke you of my proffer,
Touching the Sugar?

Gresh. I bet bought thy selfe
Both of the gaine and losses incident,
And this I take was the whole circumstance:
It was my mission and I thinke your promise,
To get me a seald Patent from your king
For all your Barbarie Sugars at a price,
During the kings life; and for his princely loue,
I am to send him threescore thou'nd pounds.

Mar. T'was so condition'd, and to that effect
His highnesse promise is alreadie past,
And if you dare giue credite to my trust,
Send but your priuate letters to your Factor,
That deales for your affaires in Barbarie,
His Maiestie shall either seale your Patent,
Or ile returne the money to your Factor.

Gresh. As much as I desire; pray sir draw neere
And taste a cup of wine, whilst I consider
And throughly scan such accidentall doubts,
As may concerne a matter of such moment.

Mar. At your beslheyfure.

Gresh. Ile resolute you straight.
Bethinke thee *Gresham*, threescore thousand pounds
A good round summe: let not the hope of gaine
Draw thee to losse. I am to haue a Patent
For all the Barbarie Sugars at a rate,
The gaine cleers halfe in halfe, but then the hazard,
My terme continues during the kings life,
The King may die before my first returne,
Then wheres my Cash? why, so the King may liue
These 40. yeares, then where is *Greshams* gaine:
It stands in this as in all ventures elie
Doutfull, no more, ile through what ere it cost.

you know no bodie.

So much cleere gaine, or so much coyne cleere lost.
Within there ho. *Enter John Grefham, 2, or 3, Fellowes.*

Fall. At hand sir, did you call?

Gref. How thrives our Cash? what is it wel increas'd?
I speake like one that must be forst to borrow.

1. Fall. Your worships merrie.

Gref. Merry, tell me knauë,

Dost not thou think that three score thousand pounds,
Would make an honest Marchant try his friends?

Fall. Yes, by my faith sir, but you haue a friend
Would not see you stand out for twise the summe.

Gref. Praife God for all, but what's the comton rumour
Touching my bargaine with the King of Barbarie?

1. Fall. Tis held your credit, and your Countries honour,
That being but a Marchant of the Cittie,
And taken in a manner vnprouided,
You shold vpon a meere presumption
And naked promise, part with so much Cash,
Whch the best Marchants both in Spaine and France,
Denyed to venter on.

Gref. Good, but withall,
what doe they thinke in generall of the Bargaine?

1. Fall. That if the King confirme and seale your Patten,
London will yeelde you partners ynow.

Gref. I thinke no lesse: Goe fit you for the sea,
I meane to send you into Barbarie:
You vnto Venice, Youto Portingall,
Prouide you presently: where much is spent,
Some must be got, thrifh shold be prouident:
Come hether Cofin, all the rest depart. *Exeunt Fellowes.*

John. I had as good depart too, for heele ring a peale in mine
Twill sound worse then a passing bell. *(exit.)*

Gref. I haue tane note of your bad husbandrie,
Carelesse respect, and prodigall expence,
And out of my experience counsell you.

John. And I hope good Vancie, you thinke, I am as readie to
take good counsell, as you to give it, & I doubt not, but to cleare
my selfe of all obiections that soule-mouthed envie shall intri-
mate against me.

If you know not me.

Gref. How can you satisfie the great complaint
Preferred against you by old Mistresse *Bawre*.

A woman of approued honestie.

John. That's true, her honestie hath beene prooued ofter
then once or twice: but doe you know her Vnkle? are you in-
ward with her course of life, shce's a common midwife for trade-
faine virginitie, there are more maidenheads chargde and dis-
charge in her house in a yeare, then peeces at the Artillerie
yard.

Gref. She bring sin further prooofe, that you miscal'd her.

John. Incheir cal'd her out of name, by this hand Vnkle, to
my remembrance.

Gref. No: she fayes you caldher *Bawde*.

John. True; and I haue known her answere too't a thousand
times; tut Vnkle tis her name, and I know who gaue it her too,
by the same token her Godfather gaue her a boud angell stan-
ding at shedoo re which she hath kept time out a minde.

Gref. *Annes* reports you loue his wife.

John. Loue, why alas, Vnkle, I hold it percell of my dutie to
loue my neighbours, and shoud I hate his wife, no man would
hold me a fit member for a common wealth.

Gref. He hates you for't.

John. Why, ahlas Vnkle, that's not my fault, ile loue him ne-
theleſſe, you know we are commanded to loue our enemies, and
though he would see me hang'd, yet will I loue his wife.

Gref. He told me, you bestow'd a gowne of a strumpet.

John. Why, ahlas Vnkle, the poore whore went naked, and
you know the text commandes vs to cloath the naked, and
deeds of mercie be imputed to vs for faults, God helpe the elect.

Gref. Well, if your prodigall expences be aym'd

At any vertuous and religious end,

Tis the more tollerable, and I am proud

You can so probably excuse your selfe.

John. VWell Vnkle to approoue my wordes, as indeed good
words without deeds are like your greene fig-tree without fruit.
I haue sworne my selfe to a more conformable and strikt course
of life.

Gref. VWell *Cofin*, hoping youle prooue a new man.

John.

you know no bodie.

John. A new man, what else Vnkle, Ile be a newe man from the top to toe, or ile want of my will: Instead of Tennis-Court, my morning Exercise shalbe at Saint *Antonys*: ile leaue Ordinaries, and to the ende I may forswear Dicing and Drabbing, keepe me more short Vnkle, onely allow me good apparel, good Raggis ile stand too't are better then seuen years prentship; for theyle make a man free of any, nay of all Companies without Indenture, Fathers coppie, or any help whatsoeuer, but I see my error, wilde Youth must be bridled, keepe mee short good Vnkle.

Grefb. On these presumptions no apparel thee,
And to confirme this resolution,
I will preferre you vnto Master *Hobson*,
A man of a well knowne discretion.

John. Any thing good Vnkle, I haue seru'd my prentship alreadie, but binde me againe and I shall be content, and tis but reason neither, send me to the Conduit with the water-tankard, ile beate Linnen, Bucks, or any thing to redeeme my negligence.

Grefb. Your education challenge more respect.
The Factor dealt for him in France, is dead.

John. And you intend to send me in his roome,
Grefb. I doe indeede.

John. It is well done Vnkle, and t'will not bee amisse in policie to doe so: the onely way to curbe a dissolute youth as I am, is to send him from his acquaintance, and therefore send mee farre inough good Vnkle, send mee into France and spare not, and if that reclame me not, give me ore as one past all goodnes.

Grefb. Now afore God my thoughts were much against him,
A. I my intent was to haue chid him roundly,

But his submissiue recantation.

Hath made me friends with him, Come follow me,
Ile doe thee good, and that ifnmediately. *Exit.*

John. Thanke you good Vnkle, youle send mee into France, all *Forboone*: and I doe not shew you the right tricke of a Coffin afore I leaue England, ile give you leaue to call me Cut, and co-sen me of my patrimonie as you haue done. *Exit.*

Enter Hobsons prentis and a boy.

I. Prent. Prethee fellow *Goodman*, set foorth the ware, and *looke*

If you know not me,

looke to the shope a little, Ile but drinke a cuppe of wine w^m,
Customer at the Rose and Crowne in the Poultrie, and come
againe presently.

2.Prem. Foote I cannot, I must needes step to the Dagger in
Cheape to send a Letter into the Countrie vnto my fater, stand
by, you are the yongest prentise, looke you to the shope.

Enter Hobson.

Where be these varlets, bones a me, at Tauerne?
Knaues, villaines, spend goods, foote my Customers
Muste either serue themselues, or packe vnseru'd.
Now they peepe like talian pantelownes
Behind an Arras, but ile start you knaues,
I haue a shooing-horne to draw on your liquor,
What say you to a peece of a salt Eele?
Come forth you hangdogs, bones a me the knaues
Fleere in my face, they know me to too well,
I talke and prate, and layt not on their jacker,
And the proud jacker care not a figge for me,
But bones a me, ile turne another leafe.
Where haue you beene sir?

1.Prem. An honest Customer
Requested me, to drinke a pint of wine,

Hob. Bones a me, must your crimson throat
Be stowr'd with wine? your master's glad of beere:
But youle die banquerouts, knaues, and banquerouts all,
And where haue you beene?

2.Prem. At breakfast with a Dagger pie sir.

Hob. A Dagger Pie! vd's daggers death, these knaues
Set cocke a hope, but Hobson payes for all.
But bones a me, knaues either mend your manners,
Leave Alehouse, tauerne, and the tipling mates,
Your Punkes, and cocatrices, or ile clappé ye
Close vp in Bridewell, bones of me ile doo't,

3.Prem. Beseech you sir, pardon this first offence.

Hob. First, bones a God, why tis your common course,
And you must needes be gulling, goe by turnes,
One to the Alehouse, and two keepe the shope.

Enter

you know no body.

Enter Pedler with Tawne-cloth.

2. Pern. It shall be done sir, how much ware yould you haue ?
Ped. Fiue pounds worth insuch Commodities,

as I bespoke last night.

1. Pern. They are readie sorted.

Taw. God blesse you *M. Hobson.*

Hob. Bones a god, knaue, th'art welcome what's the newes
At bawdie *Barnewell*, and at *Starbridge Fayre*?
What haue your London wenches any trading ?

Taw. After the old soft sir, they visite the Towlebooth, and the
Bultring still. (empties)

Hob. Good girles, they doe their kinde, what your packes
Good newes, a lignye you bring your purses full,
And bones a God, full purses must be welcomes
Sort out thei'r wares: welcome's your due :
Pay the old debt, and penne and incke for newe.

Taw. VVe haue for you sir, as white as Beares teeth.

Hob. Bones a god, knaues you are welcome, but what newes ?
VWhat newes i'the Countrey? what Commodities
Are most respected with your countrie Girles?

Taw. Faith sir, our Countrey girles are a kin to your London
Courtiers, euery month sickle of a new fashion, the horning buske
and silken bridelaces are in good request with the Parsons wife,
your huge poking sticke, and french perewig, with Chamber-
maides, and waiting-gentlewomen, now your Puritans poker is
not so huge, but somewhat longer, a long slender poking sticke
is the all in all with your Suffolke Puritane, your silkband, halfe
farthingales, and chargeable Fore-parts are common, not a
wench of thirteene but weares a changeable forepart.

Hob. An ancient wearing: ther's some changeable stuffe
Has beene a weare with women, time out of minde.

Taw. Besides sir, many of our yong married men, haue tang
an order to weare yellow Garters, Points, & Shootyings, and tis
thought, yellow will grow a custome.

Hob. T'as beene vnde long at London.

Taw. And tis thought t'will come in request in the Countrey

If you know not me,

too, tis a fashion, that three or four yong wenches haue promis'd me their husbands shall weare, or theyle misse of their markes: then your maske, silke-lace, wash't Gloues, carnation girdles, and buske-point suitable, as common as Coales from **New-castle**, you shall not haue a Kitchin-maide scrape trenchets without her wash't Gloues, a Darie-wench will not ride to market to sell her Butter-milke, without her maske and her buske.

Hob. Still a good hearing, let the countrey pay
Well for their pride, tis *gratis* here at London,
And that's the cause tis growne so generall:
But feede their humours, and do not spare,
Bring Countrey-money for our London ware.

Enter Gresham, and Iohn Gresham.

Gresh. Where's *M. Hobson*, cry you mercie sir.

Hob. No harme good *M. Gresham*, pray draw neeres
He but dispatch a fewe olde Customers,
And bend a present eare to your discourse.

Gresh. At your best leysure.

Hob. Nay my taske is done:

O M. Gresham t'was a golden world
When we were Boyes, an honest Countrey-yeoman,
Such as our fathers were, God rest their soules
VVould were white Karfie: bones a me you knaues,
Stooles for these Gentlemen, your worships welcome.

Gresh. You know my busynesse.

Hob. About your kinsman,
He shall be welcome: beseech you Gentlemen
Lesse of your curtesie: when shall we see the Youth?

Gresh. VVhy this is he.

Hob. VVhich, bones a me man, which?

Gresh. VVhy this.

Hob. VVhich, where, what this yong gentleman?
Bones a me man, hee's not for *Hobsons* turne.
He lookes more like my Master then my seruant.

Gresh. I must confess he is a Gentleman,
And my neare kinsman: were he myne owne childe,
His seruice should be yours.

you know no body.

Hob. I thank you for't,
And for your fake ile giue him entertainment
But Gentleman if you become my man,
You must become more ciuile : bones a me,
VWhat a curld pate is here? I must ha'te off,
You see my Liverie, *Hobsons* men are knowne
By their Freze Coates ; and you will dwell with me,
You must be plaine, and leue of brauerie.

Iohn. I hope sir to put on such ciuill conformable, as you shall
not repente my entertainment.

Hob. Pray God it prove so.

Gresh. If he doe respect
an Uncle loue, let him be diligent.

Hob. well, *M. Gresham*, partly for your loue,
And chiefly to supply my present want,
Because you say your kinman is wellseene
Both in languages and factorship,
I doe intend to send him into France,
In trust both with my Marchandzies and my Cash.

Iohn. And if I take not order to cashier that and my selfe
too, a porc of all French-farthingales.

Gresh. How stand you minded to your Masters motion?

Iohn. Somewhat vnwilling to leue my acquaintance, but
good Uncle, I know you send me out of loue, and I hope t'will
be a meanes to call me home the sooner.

Gresh. Pray God it may.

Iohn. Ile want of my will else, Ile play a Marchants part with
you, ile take vp french Commodities, velvet kirtles, and taffery
fore-parts; ile ha that I go for, or ile make halfe the hot-houses
in *Deeps* sincke for this tricke.

Hob. VWhat are your booke made even with your accounts?

x Prent. I haue compar'd our wares with our receipt,
And find sir, ten pounds difference.

Hob. Bones a me knaue,
Ten pounds in a morning : heer's the fruit
Of Dagger Pyes, and Alchouse-guslings :
Make even your Reckonings, or Gods mother knaues,
You shall all smart for't.

If you know not me,

2. Harke you fellow *Goodman*,
Who rooke the ten pound of the countrie Chapman.
That told my master the newe fashions?

1. Fore God not I.

3. Not I.

Hob. Bones a me, knaues,
I haue px'd froundly for my Countrey newes.
What was his name?

1. Now before God, I know not.

3. Yneuer saw him in the shopp till now.

Hob. Now bones a me, what earlesic Knaues keepe I,
Give me the booke, what habite did he were?

3. As I remember me, a sanguine coate.

Hob. Art fure: then set him downe *John Tawrie*. *cates.*

3. Ten pound in trut h vnto *John Tawrie-coate*.

Hob. Bones a God man, theſe knaues will begger me.

Gref. Birladie fir, ten pounds is too much to looſe,
But ten times ten pound cannot ſhake your credite.

Hob. Thanke God for all: when I came ſtill to towne,
It would haue ſhooke me ſhrewdly: but *M. Grefham*,
How stands your diſtance with Sir *Thomas Ramsey*?

Are you made friends yet?

Gref. He is ſo obſtinate,
That neither Juries, nor Comiſſions,
Nor the interacieſ of his neareſt friends,
Can ſloope him vnto composition.

Hob. Tis paſſing ſtrange: were *Hobſon* in your coate,
Ere I'd conuine a pennie amongſt Lawyers,
Id giu't poore people, bones a me I wold.

Gref. A good reſolute: but fir *Thomas Ramsey*: mind
Is of another temper, and ere *Grefham*
Will giue away a tittle of his right,
The Law ſhall begger me.

Hob. Bones a me, man, twill doe that quickly.

Gref. To preuent which course,
The Lady *Ramſey* hath by eaſteſt ſute,
Procur'd the reverent Preacher Doctour *Morell*,
A man well reſonēd for his graue respect.

you know no body,

To compenſe and ende our diſſerſe,
The place the Lombard, ten of cloſe the houſe.
Appointed for the hearing of our cauſe.
Shall I reuert your friendly compaie,

Hob. VVith all my heart, both compaie and purſe;
Bones a me, knaues, looke better to the hoppe;
Men of our trade muſt weare good houſands eyes,
Mongſt many Chap-men there are fewe that buyes.
My leſure now your buſineſſe attends,
Time's wonne not loſt, that's ſpent to make men friends.

Exeunt.

Enter Doctor Newell, and my Lady Ramſe.

Radio. Good Maſter Doctor Newell, let your loue,
Now ſhew it ſelfe vnto me: ſuch as they,
Men of the chiefest note within this Cittie
To be at ſuch a iarre, doth make mee bluſh,
Whom it doth ſcarſe conerne: you are a good man,
Take you the courſe in hand and make them friends,
Twill be a good dayes worke, if ſo is end.

D. New. My Lady Ramſe, I haue heard ere this
Of their contentions, their long ſuites in Lawe,
How by good friends they haue beene peruaded both,
Yet both but deafe to ſayre perſonnes
What good will my word doe with them ſcoundre men?
Breath blowne againſt the winde, ſure ſoone

Lady. Although to Gentlemen and Cittizens,
They haue beeene ſo rafh, yet to ſo graue a man,
Of whom none ſpeakē b̄t ſpeakē with reuerence,
VVhose words are gather'd in by every eare
As flowers receiue the dew that comfort them,
They will be more ſtrenuous: pray take it in hand,
Tis a good deede, y' will with your vertue ſtand.

D. New. To be a make-peace doth become me well,
The charitable motion good in you,
And to good ſooth t'will make me wet mine eyes,
To ſee them euē haue beeene ſo long at odds.

B. A.

Act

If you know not me,

*And by my meanes, ile doe the best I can,
But God must bleſſe my words, for man but man.*

Enter Sir Thomas Ramſie.

Lady. I thanke you heartily, and by the houre I know,
They will be presently heere on the Lumbard,
Whither I drew you for this intent:
And see, sir *Thomas* is come: pray breake with him.

D. Now, Good day to sir *Thomas Ramſie*.

Ram. M. Deane of Powles, as much to you:
Tis strange to see you here in *Lumberſtreet*,
This place of traffike whereon Marchants meete.

D. Now, Tis not my customer but sir *Thomas*!

Enter M. Gresham, and old Hobſon. Hob. Count, come:
Now body a me, I ſweare not every day,
You are too to much to blame: two Citizens,
Such as your ſelfe, and sir *Thomas Ramſie* are,
To beat your ſelues in Law ſix or ſeven yeare,
Make Lawyers, Turneyes clarkes, and kaues, to ſpend
Your money in a brabbling controuerſie,
Euen like too fooles: ſee where the other is,
With our Deane of Powles, neare better met,
We two as Vmpiers will conclude a ſtrife
Before the Clocke ſtrike twelue, that now is aleuen:
Lawyers this full ſeven yeare haue brabled in,
And with a cuppe or two of merry godowne,
Make them ſharpe hands: It's not well ſaid M. Deane?

D. Now, And I could wish it as well done, M. Hobſon.

Gresh. Ie haue you both know though you are my friendes,
I ſeeme my caufe ſhould ſtoope or yele to him,
Although he be reputed *Ramſie* the rich.

Ram. And *Gresham* ſhall perceiue that *Ramſies* purse,
Shall make him ſpend the wealth of *Osterley*,

But he ſhall know. *Gresh.* Know, what ſhall I know?

Ram. That *Ramſie* is as good a man as *Gresham*.

Gresh. And *Gresham* is as good a man as *Ramſie*.

Ram. Tut, tut, tut. *Gresh.* Tut in thy teeth although thou art
Hob. Boncs a me, you are both to blame: (a Knight.)

We two like friendes, come to conclude your ſtrife,

And you like ſib-wives fall a ſcolding here.

D. Now.

you know no body.

D. Now. How stands the difference twixt you my good friends?

Ladie. The impatience both of the one and other,

VVill not permit to heare each other speake:

He tell the cause for both, and thus it is,

There is a Lordship called *Osterley*,

That *M. Gresham* hath both bought and built vpon.

Gresh. And tis a goodly Manour, *M. Deane*.

Lady. VVhich *Osterley* before he dealt therein,

Sir Thomas my husband here did thinke to buy,

And had giuen earnest for it.

Ram. Then *Gresham* here, deales with the Land-seller,

And buyes my bargaine most dishonestly.

Gresh. God for his mercie touch mine honestie,

Away with comprinize, with taking vp,

The Lawe shall try my cause and honestie.

Ram. T'will proue no better then it shoulde *Gresham*.

Gresh. T'will pooue as good as *Ramsey*, *Ramsey*.

Ram. Do not I know thy rising? *Gresh.* I, and I know thine.

Ram. VVhy mine was honestie. *Gresh.* And so was mine.

Hob. Heyday, bones a-me

VWas't euer seene two men to scold before?

Here's, I know thy rising, and I know thine,

VWhen as Gods blessing, that hath taif'd them both.

Am I worse because in *Edwards* dayes,

When Popetie went downe, I did ingroffe

Most of the Beades that were within the Kingdome,

That when *Queene Mary*, had renewed that Church,

They that would pray on Beades were forct to me?

I made them stretch their purse-strings, grew rich thereby,

Beads were to me a good commoditie.

Gresh. No matter for your beads, my right's my right.

Ram. Yet *Gresham* shall well know he hath done me wrong.

Gresh. Ther's law inough to right you, take your course.

D. Now, Reason being made mans guide, why is't that forces

Are violent passions to sweape the soule

Into such head-long mischieves: tis onely this,

Reason would rule, Nature a Rebell is.

You know the fise of your contention.

Hath onely cherishing and is maintain'd

From vild affections, whose strength's but thin.

If you know not me,

*As fealty heat doth make vs shunne the fire,
An extreme colde doth alter that desire:
All things that haue beginnings, haue their ends,
Your hate must haue conclusion, then be friends,
Hab. Friends, M. Doctor Nowell, looke you heere,
Heer's M. *Gresham's* hand.*

Lady. Ile bring the other.

Hab. This seuen yeare they haue beene in law together.
How much such men as they in seuen yeares spend,
Lawyres may laugh at, but let wise men iudge.

Gresh. Friend Habson.

Ram. VVise Lady,

Hab. Bones a me, ile hold you fast,
I will not haue a couple of such men
Make cackling lawyers rich, and themselues fooles,
And for a trifling cause : as I am olde Habson.

Gresh. Sir *Thomas Ransie*.

Ram. Master *Gresham*.

Hab. Body of mee, both shall be school'd, M.D. Nowell,
You know the cause that this conteinement,
Is onely that he bought a peece of land
This had giuen earnest for, all *Adams* earth,
And *Adams* earth is free for *Adams* sonnes,
And tis a shame men should contend for it :
VVhat ere you speake shall for a sentence stand,
And being spoke, they shall shake hand in hand.

D. Now, If I must then decide the difference,
Thus it shall bee, because that Sir *Thomas Ransie*,
Had councell gluem before you bought the Land,
Though you were not acquainted with so much,
I doe warrd he haue a hundred pound
Tward his charges, and for that you
Haue both payd for the Land, and built vpon it,
It shall come to you : the moeey you haue spent,
Either account is lost, or badly kept.

Gresh. Gods pretious, I haue spent fiftie hundred pound,

Ram. And so haue I.

Hab. No matter.

you know no body.

The judgement stands, quely this verdict tos,
Had you before the lawfore-seene the losse,
You had not now come home by weeping crosse
Strifes may as well haue end twixt honest men,
Lawyers set foole to Law, then laugh at them.

Graf. Fore God tis true: and now I thinke vpon it,
We might at first haue ended it by friendes,
And made our selues merry with the money:
But being done, tis done, then sir *Thomas Rawfes*,
Let's leue both losers, tis but a thousand pound,
And if you be as well content as I,
Here weele shake hands and let our anger dye.

Hob. Shake hands, by the Marie god, sir *Thomas* what else,
Ross. You shew your schies our friends, go make vs friendes,
Then in good sooth ile not be obstinate.

Lady. Nay, M. Doctor *Narrell* ioyne their hands,
I know the reverent regard of you
Hath tempreid both their hearts.

Graf. Madame, tis true I thinke to any but so good a man,
We should haue both beene headstrong: but come.

D. Now. VVith all my heart, long may you live together,
As friend should be to friend, brother to brother.

Graf. Amen, amen, sir *Thomas*.

Ross. Amen, amen, Master *Grafham*.

Hob. Amen, amen, to you both.
And is not tis better then every Terme
to trot after Lawyers?

Graf. Good sooth tis true, if we could thinke it so,
But tis mans nature, he desires his woe. *Affume.*
Now passion of me sir *Thomas*, a cruell storne,
And we stay long we shall be wet to the skinne.
I doe not lik't, nay and it angers mee
That such a famous Cite as this is,
Wherin so many gallant Merchants are,
Haue not a place to meeke in, but in this,
Wher every shoure of raine must trouble them:
I cannot tell but if I live: let a step into the Ropes head,
We shall be dropping dry if stay here.

If you know not me,

He haue a roofer built, and such a roofer,
That Marchants and their wiues, friend and their friends
Shall walke vnderneath it, as now in Powles.

What day of the Month is this?

Hob. Day *M. Grafton*, let me see:
I tooke a fellowes word for twentie pound
The tenth of March, the tenth of March.

Graft. The tenth of March, well if I live,
He raise a worke shall make our Marchants say,
Twas a good showre that fell vpon that day. How now *Lacke*?

Enter John Grafton.

John. Sir, my M. here hauing prefered me to be his Factor into
I am come to take my leaue of you. (France,

Graft. I thanke him for his care of thee: *M. Hobson*,
My kinsman's come to take his leaue of me,
He tells me you are sending him for France.

Hob. Bones a me knaue, sit there yet?
I thought thou hadst been halfe way there by this.
John. I did but stay sir, to take my leaue of my Vnkle.
Graft. O *M. Hobson*, he comes in a very good time,
I was bethinking me whom I might send
To fetch this hundred pound, I am set to pay
To sir *Thomas Ramsey*: nay, as we are friends
Weele haue all Couenants kept before we part.

John. God graunt that I may see it.
Graft. Here *John* take this seal'd Ring,
Bid *Timothy* presently send me a hundred pound.

John. I sir.
Graft. I am sure he hath it ready told for thee,
Weele stay here on the Lumbard till thou comest.

John. Yes Sir.
D. Now, Nay stay good *John*, thou knowst my dwelling *John*?
John. In Powles Church-yard Sir.
D. Now, The hundred pound thou art sent for, bring it thither.
John. Yes marrily will I sir. *Exit.*
D. Now, And my good friends, since that so long a strife
Hath ende by my perswasion, ile entreat,
My house may enterteine you for this time.

VWhere

you know no bodie.

Where with such noefaries weele passe the time,
As God shall best be pleased, and you contented:
I keepe no ryot, nor you looke for none,
Onely my table is for every one.

Groß. A cup of Sacke and welcome M. Desme,
Nature is best contented with a meane.

Exeunt.

Enter Timothy and John Grafton.

John. As I told you *Timothy*,
You must send my Uncle straight a hundred pound:
A dipes at Doctor Newells, and gaue me in charge
To haft with the money after him.

Tim. You come to me *John* for a hundred pound, I chanke
my spirituall maker I haue the charge of many hundreds of his
now *John*: I hope *John* you feare God.

John. Feare God, S' foot what else, I feare God and the devill

Tym. I must tell you *John* and I know it, you haue not fed of
the spirituall food, but edified by faith and suffered the tares of
the wild affections to be burnt.

John. Fooce thou wouldst not haue me make my selfe a French
Martyr, to be burnt at these yeares wouldst thou?

Tym. I haue knowne them *John* of our Church, haue beeene
burnt for other sinnes before thy yeares.

John. I by my faith *Timothy* it may be you haue, for as close as
you carry your teeth together, with indeed good brother, I doe
not thinke but once in a yeaer, a man might finde you quartered
bewixt the Mouth at Bishopa gare, and the preaching place in
Spittle.

Tim. Now you talke of the Spittle, I must say in very deede
I haue beeene in the Spittle.

John. It is the more like *Timothy* you haue beeene acquainted
with the pox then.

Tim. But if you should thinke *John*, that I would be there to
committ, deale, or to speake more prophanelly, to vnture in the
way of all flesh, you doe wrong me being a brother of the faith.

John. Come right your selfe and your Master then, and send
him this one hundred pound, here's his seal'd Ring, I hope
a warrant sufficient.

Tim. Vpon so good securitie *John*, le fe me to deliue it. *Exit*

C 2

John.

If you know not me,

John. Spend it, God send me but once to finger it, and if I
doe not make a flanders reckoning out, and that is as I have
heard mad wags say, receive it heare and recull it away in an o-
ther place: let me bee spit out of the roome of good fellowship,
and never haue so much fauour to touch the ^{it} of a Taffatice
petticoate.

Tim. But I am yong, mine Uncle run old chuffe,
And ile not want by God, since he hath enough.
I must not let this same wainscot-face, yea & nay, heare me tho.

Enter Timoty.

Tim. Here *John*, accept my dutie to my Master, I must tell you
John, I would not haue trusted you *John*, without so sufficient a
discharge.

John. I am the leſſe beholding vnto you, but now I haue, be-
cause you preach't to me vpon my demande of it, ile be so bold
to lectur to you vpon your deliuerie, *Timoty*, you know the
Proverbe good *Timoty*, *That the ſtill ſun cauſeth all the draffe*:
and no queſtion the moſt ſmooch tongu'd fellow, the more ar-
rant knaue: God forbid I ſhould call you ſo *Timoty*, yet I will
leauue this for your further remembrance.

*Under the yea and nay, men often buy
Muche ſouage, finde many a lyfe:
He that with yea and nay makes all his ſaying,
Yet promas a Indias in his dealings,
Shall haue this wretched ure his grane,
Thy life ſeem'd pure, yet di'd a knaue.*

Timoty. Doe you heare *John*, you know the Chapmans word
in London, *It's ſtray you but no farther then I ſee you*, you haue the
hundred pound *John*, but for that you haue wrong'd vs that loue
to be edified, I will goe with you to my Master, and ſee the mo-
ney deliuered.

John. Why, a truſted me to come with't,
Timoty. I ſeare not by yea, and nay, ile goe by yea and nay,
I will.

John. Let me but ſake theſe this queſtion, *Whither doſt thou
goe, in aby loue to thy master, or to me?*

Tim.

you know no body.

Tim. Though my master be my master, yet you haue flur'd
my stomacke.

John. I thought there was the fruit of your Puritane pati-
ence, come let's along, and if I doe not shew your religion a trick
shall be scarce disgusted with pepins or cheeke, let me bee tal'd
Cut, Come along. *Exeunt.*

Enter Honestis the Sergeant, and Quick.

Honestis. Fellow *Quick*, pray thee haue a care if thou canst
see *John* the Vpholster, I must needs arrest him.

Quick. How much is the debt?

Honestis. Some 50l.

Quick. Dost thou thinke he is able to put in bayle to the actions?

Honestis. I thinke scarce ynoch.

Quick. Why then wee'le arrest him to the popes-head, call
for the best cheere in the house, first feede vpon him, and then if
he wil not come off, carry him to the counter, but if he wil stretch
some 4. or 5. li, being the sume so great he final passe, wee'le make
him swaere he shall not tell he was arrested, and wee'le swaere to
the creditor we cannot mee with him.

Honestis. Fote God thou sayst well.

Quick. I haue serued sent the Perfumer, Tallow the Currier,
Quarrell the Glasier, and some three or fourre more of our poore
smelts so this morning. *Enter John.*

John. Hart I haue courst thorow two or three Lanes, yet the
miching slave followes me so close I can not give him the slippe
for this hundred pound as God saue me now ti's in my hand I do
rather be hang'd then part from it: Foote, I'will make a man
merry halfe a yere together in France, command wenches or any
thing: part from it quoth you, that were a iest indeed: shall a
yong man as I am, and though I say it indifferent proper, goe in-
to a strange countrey, and not shew himselfe what mettell hee is
made of when a comes there: I protest a very good hundred
pound, a hundred pound will goe farre in France, and when a
man hath it not of his owne, who should hee make bold withall
for it, if he may not with his Uncle; but see if that thin fac't rogue
be not come againe, I must haue a tricke for him. *Enter Tim.*

Tim. For all your fore-long too and fro, by yea and nay, ile
follow you.

If you know not me,

John. Will you, there should bee Sergeants here abouts, will you: Lord if it be thy will send mee to hit of one, and if I doe not shew you a tricke, thou shouldest be a Sergeant by thy peering so.

Honest. Why *M. John* so I am. (thy name?)

John. Thou art happily met: I am looking for one, what's *He*. My name *M. John*, I haue beeene merry at your Uncles many a time, my name's *Honestie*. *John.* I faith.

Quick. Nay, ile assure you his name is *Honestie*, and I am *Quick*. *John.* *Honestie!* who the pox gaue thee that name? (his Yeoman, But thou must doe an office for my Uncle:

Heare *Quick*, runne thou before and enter the aⁿction, Ther's money, an action of an hundred pound Against *Timothy Thib-beard*, *M. Greshams* Factor, I hope I shall teach you to dog me.

Quick. An action against *Thib-beard*, I goe. *Exit.*

John. Here *Honestie*, there's money for thy arrest, Be sure to take good Bayle or clap him fast: I hope I shall shew you a trick. *Honest.* Mum for that.

John. See where he is, God prosper it. Fasten vpon him like a hungry Dog vpon a peice of meate: And if this be not a tricke to chaste a foole, A more knaue learne me, and ile goe to schoole.

Honest. I arrest you Sir.

Tim. Arrest me, thou seruant to Sathan: at whose suit?

Honest. At your Masters, *M. Greshams*.

Tim. O God for thy mercie, *M. John*, *M. John*.

John. Nay, nay, this 300. li, hath other worke in hand for me, You are in the Deuils hand, and so agree. *Exit.*

Tim. My good friend, now what must become of me?

Honest. Vales, wee shall to the Tauerne, and drinke till you can send for Baile, you muſt to the Counter.

Tim. Is ther no difference made betwixt the faithfull and the vnfalhfull.

Honest. Faith very little in payng of debts: but if you be so holy, I marvel how you run so farre behind hand With your *M.*

Tim. I must confesse I owe my *M. 300. li.* How I came so, it is not fit to lay the sins of our flesh open to every eie, & you know the

you know no body.

the saying, *Tis had to do well, but worse to be off of it: yet hee aboue knowes that sometimes as soone as I haue come from Bore-church, I haue gone to a Baudie-house.* (your knauerie.

Honest. Nay it appears so, that now your M. hath smelt out *Tim.* Not to commit in very deed good friend, but only to see fashions or to recreat & stir vp our drowsie appetites. *Enter Quic.*

Honest. Well here comes my fellow *Quic*, and vntill you wil content vs for staying, you must along to the Counter.

Tim. I hope you thinke *The Labourer* is worthy of his hire: we will stay here at the Tauerne, and *Quic* I will content thee, to carry a letter to my master, wherein I will make him a restitution of his 500. li. by repentance, and shew him the way that my fraile nature hath run into.

Honest. Well, weele be pay'd by the houre.

Tim. It will not be amisse if you buy an houre-glassse. *Exeunt.* *Enter D. Nowell, Gresham, sir Tho. Ramſie, Hobſon, Lady Ramſie.*

Gresh. Come M.D. Nowell, now we haue done
Our worſt to your good cheere, wee'd faine be gone:
Onely we stay my kinſmans long retурne,
To pay this hundred pound to ſr. *Thomas Ramſie.*

D. Now. Then affiue you, he will be heare preſently:
In the meane time, I haue drawne you to this walke,
A Gallerie, wherein I keepe the Pictures
Of many charitable Citizens:
Thag hauing fully fatiſhied your bodyes,
You may by them leare to refiſh your ſoules.

Gresh. Are all theſe Pictures of good Citizens?
D. Now. They are, and idle deſcribe to you ſome of their births,
How they beſtowd their liues, and did ſo liue
The fruits of this life, might a better giue.

Gresh. You ſhall gaine more in ſhewing thiſto vs,
Then you haue ſhowne.

Lady. Good M. Deane, I pray you ſhew it vs.
This was the Picture of ſir *Iohn Philpot* ſometimes Mayor,
This man at one time, at his owne charge,
Leauied ten thouſand ſouldiers, guarded the Realme
From the incursions of our enemies:
And in the yeare a thouſand three hundred and eightie,

When

If you know not me,

VWhen *Thomas of Woodstock*, *Thomas Percie* with ocher noble
VVere sent to ayd the Duke of *Britannie*, (men,
This sayd *John Filpot* furnisht out foure ships
At his owne charges and did release the armor
That the poore souldiers had for victuals paw'nd.
This man did liue when *Walworth* was Lord Maior
That prouident, valiant, and learned Citizen,
That both attachte, and kild the traytor *Tyler*,
For which good seruice *Walworth* the Lord Maior,
This *Helps*, and foure other Aldermen,
Were knighted in the field.
Thus did he liue, and yet before he di'd
Allur'd relief for thirteene poore for euer.
Gref: By the marry God a worthy Citizen:
On good my Deane.

Now: This sir *Richard Whittington* three times Maior,
Sonne to a Knight, and Prentise to a Mercer,
Began the Librarie of Gray- Friars in London;
And his Executors after him did build
Whittington Colledge, thirteene Almes-houses for poore men,
Repair'd *S. Bartholomewes* in Smithfield,
Glased the Guild-hall, and built Newgate.

Hab. Bones of mee then I haue heard lyes,
For I haue heard he was a scullion,
And rai'd himselfe by venture of a Cat.

Now: They did the more wrong to the gentlemen.
This sir *John Allen* Mercer and Maior of *London*,
A man so graine of life that he was made
A priuie Counsellor to King *Henry* the eight,
He gaue this Citie a rich Coller of gold,
That by the Maior succeeding shoud be worne;
Of which sir *William Laxton* was the first,
And is continued euen vnto this yeaer,
A number more there are, of whose good deeds
This Citie florish't.

Gref: And we may be ashamed,
For in their deeds we see our owne disgrace,
We that are Citizens are rich as they were,

Behold

your hand w body.

Behold their chathie in euery streete,
Churches for prayer, Almes-houes for the poore,
Conduits which bring vs water: all which good
We doe see and are reliu'd withall,
And yet wee live like beasts, spend time and die,
Leauing no good to be remembred by.

Lady. Among the Stories of these blessed men,
So many that intich your Gallarie;
There are two wemens Pictures: what were they?

D. Non. They are two that haue deseru'd a memorie,
Worthy the note of our Posterities:
This *Agnes Foster*, wife to sir *M. Foster*,
That fre'd a Beggar at the gate of Lud-gate,
Was after Maior of this most famous Citie,
And builded the South-side of Lud-gate vp,
Vpon which walk these Vtges I haue read.

Denouf soules that passe this way,
For M. Foster late Maior bounely pray,
And Agnes his wife to God consecrate,
That of pitty this house made for Londoners to Lad. gate:
So that for lodgynge and water here nothing they pay,
As their Keepers shall answer at dreadfull Doomes day.

Lady. O what a charitable deed was this!
This *Ane Gibson* who in her husbands life,
Being a Grocer, and a sherife of London,
Founded a free Schoole at Ratcliffe,
There to instruct three-score poore children,
Built fourteene Almes-houes for fourteene poore
Leauing for Tutors y. li. a yeare,
And Quarterly for euery one a Noble.

Lady. Why shold not I haue so, that being dead
My name might haue a register with theirs.
Grof. Why shold not all of vs being wealthy men,
And by Gods blessing onely raiſe obus
Cast in our mindes how we might them exceed
In godly workes, helping of them that need.

If you know me,

Hob. Bonc's a manis true: why should we lie,
To haue the poore to curse vs being dead?
Heauen graunt that I may live, that when I die,
Although my children laugh, the poore may cry.

Nos. If you will follow the religious path,
That these haue beat before you, you shall win heauen,
Euen in the mid-day walkes you shall not walke tha street,
But widowes orisons, Layfares prayers, Orphans thankes,
Will flye into your ears, and with a ioyfull blush,
Make you thanke God that you haue done for them,
When otherwise thei fill you ears with curses,
Crying we feed on woe, you are our Nurser,
Oift not better that yong couples say,
You rai'd vs vp, then you weare our decay,
And mothers tonges teach their first borne to sing,
Of your good deeds, then by the badi'e wryng.

Hob. No more M.D.Nosw, no more,
Thinke these words should make a man of flint.
To mend his life: how say you M. Orfward.

Graf. Fore-god they haue started teates into my eyes,
And M.D.Nosw you shall see
The words that you haue spoke, haue wrought effect in me.

Lada. And from these womeyn will take a way,
To guide my life for a more blessed stay.

Nos. Begin then whilst you live, least bring dead,
The good you gibe in charge be nener done,
Make your owne hands your executors, your eyes ouer-seers,
And haue thi, saying euer in your mind:

*Women be forgerfull, children be unkind,
Executors be covetous, and take what thei find.*

Hob. In my time I haue scene many of thes.

Graf. Ile learme then to prevent them whilill I live,
The good I meane to doe, these hands shall give.

Enter Quick.

Quick. The matter you wot of fit is done.

Graf. Done knaue, what's done?

Quick. Is in hucksters handling fur, and beache thei send
him unto you.

Graf.

you know me body.

Groß. Mary God knowe doft tel me Riddles, what's all this?
Quic. A thing will speake his owne minde to you,
If you please but to open the lip.

Enter Clo.

Clo. Beo your leue Gentlemen, I am come to smell out my
master here: Your kinf-man *John* fir, your kinf-man *John*.

Groß. O he has brought the hundred pound, where is he?

Clo. It appeares by this, the master is of leffe waighe.

Groß. What more paper?

Fellow, what haft thou brought me here, a recantation?

Clo. It may be so for he appeares in a white sheet.

Quic. Indeed he seemes sorry for his bad life.

Groß. Bad life, bad life knaue, what meanes all this?

M.D. Newell, pray read it for me,
And ile read that my kinf-man *John* hath sent:
Whene is he knaue?

Clo. Your worship is no wiser then you should be, to keepe
any of that cote.

Groß. Knaue thou mean'st.

Clo. Knaue I meane fir, but your kinf-man *John*,
That by this time's well forward on his way.

Groß. Hey-day, what haue we here, knavery as quick as Ecles?
Weele more of this.

Clo. You were best let me helpe you hold it fir.

Groß. VVhy knaue, dooſt thinkie I cannot hold a paper.

Clo. Helpe will do no hurt for if the knavery be as quicke as
an Eele, it may chance to deceipte you. *Groß* am reader.

I am a Merchant made by chance,

And lacking coyne to venture:

Your hundred pound's gone toward France,

Your Factor's in the Counter.

Quic. No fir, he is yet but in the Tauerne at counter gate,
but he shall soone be in if you please.

Groß. Away knaue, let me read on.

My father gave me a portion,

You keepe away my due:

I haue payd my selfe apart to spend,

Here's a discharge for you.

If you know who me,

Precious cole, here's a knaue round with me.

D.*Now.* Your Factor *Timothy Thin-beard* writes to you,
Who as it seemes is arrested at your fute.

Gresh. How, at my fute!

D.*Now.* And heare confesseth by vifing bad companie,
He is run behind hand fие hundred pound:
And doth intreat you would be good to him.

Gresh. How, run behind hand fие hundred pound,
And by bad companie: M. Deane of Poyles,
He is a fellow seemes so pure of life,
I druff hane truffed him with all I had had.

D.*Now.* Here is so much vnder his owne hand.

Gresh. Ha, let me see, who set you to arrest him?

Quick. Why your kins-man *John* sir, your kins-man *John*,

Gresh. He, ha, infaith I smell the knaue then:
This knaue belike mistrusting of my kinsman,
VVould come along to set the money gluuen me:
Mad *Jacke* hauing no tricke to put him off,
Arrest him with a Sergeant at my fute,
There went my hundred pound away: this *Thin-beard* then
Knowing himfelfe to haue playd the knaue with me,
And thinking I had arresteth him indeed,
Confesseth all his trickes with yea, and nay:

So her's fие hundred pound come, one runne away.

Hob. Bones a me, *M. Gresham*, is my man *John*
Gone away with your hundred pound?

Clo. Faith it appeares so by the acquittance that I brought.

Gresh. No matter *M. Hobson*, the charge you druff him with,
Ile see he shall discharge, I know he is wilde,
Yet I must tell you ile not see him suncke:
And afore-god it hath done my heart more good,
The knaue had wit to doe so mad a tricke,
Then if he had poyncted me twice so much.

Ram. He euer had the name of mad *Jacke Gresham*.

Gresh. Is the more like his Uncle, *Sir Thomas Ramſie*:
When I was yong I doe remember well,
I was as very a knaue as he is now.

Sirs, bring *Thin-beard* hither to me, and *sir Thomas Ramſie*,

you know no body.

*Your hundred pound sle see you pay'd my selfe:
Ha ha, mad *Jack*, Giamercie for this flight,
This hundred pounds makes me thy Uncle right.* *Exeunt.*

Enter John Tavernicote.

Tav. I sure tis in this Lane, I turned on the right hand coming from the Stockes, nay, though there was master carles, man carels, and all careles, ile still be honest *John*, and scorne to take any mans ware but ile pay them for it: I warrant they thinke me an arrant knaue, for going away and not paying, and in my conscience the master cudgeld the men, and the men the master, and all about me, when as God saue me I did it innocently. But sure this is the Lane, there's the VWindmill, there's the Dogs head in the pot, and her's the Fryer whipping the Nuns arse: ti's here about sure:

*Enter in the shop 2. of Hobsons folkes, and
opening the shoppo.*

*1. Come fellow *Crack*, haue you sorted vp those wares?
Mark't them with 54. they must be pack't vp.*

*2. I haue don't an houre agoe: haue you seal'd vp
My masters Letter to his Factor *John Gresham*?
It is at Deepe in France to send him Matches,
For he must vse them at *Bristow faire*.*

3. I, and the Poste receiued it two houres since.

Tav. Sure it is here about, the kennel was on my right hand, and I thinke in my conscience I shall never haue the grace of God and good lucke, if I doe not pay it: Gods foot, looke here, looke here, I know this is the shopp by that same strock-halter, O my masters, by your leaue good fellowes.

1. You are welcome sir, you are welcome.

Tav. Indeed that's the common saying about London, if men bring money with them.

1. O sir, money customers to vs are best welcome.

Tav. You say well, so they should be: come turne o're your booke, I am come to pay this same ten pound.

1. And we are ready to receiue money: what might we call your name?

Tav. Why my name is *John Good-fellow*, I hope I am not a shamed of my name.

If you know not me,

1. Your kin see she more beholding to you, fellow *Cracke*,
turne o're the Callender, and looke for *John Good-fellow*.

2. What comes it to?

Taw. Tene pound.

1. You will haue no more wares with you, will you sir.

Taw. Nay pusheth not too fast, let's pay for the old before we
talle of any new.

2. *John Good-fellow*, fellow *Nimble-shap*, here's no such name
in all our booke.

1. I thinke thou art mopey'd this morning, giue me the booke,
Letter I, Letter I, Letter I when had you your ware?

Taw. I had it some ten dayes agoe.

1. Your name's *John Good-fellow* you say, Letter I, Letter I,
Letter I: You doe not come to mocke vs, doe you. Letter I, Letter I,
Letter I. By this hand if I thought you did, I would knocke
you about the eares afore wee pasted fellow *Cracke*, get mee a
Cudgell ready, Letter I, Letter I, Letter I: Foote here's no
such name in all our Booke. Doe you haue fellow are you
drunke this morning, to make vs looke for moore-shine in the
water?

Taw. Fute, art not thou drunke this morning, canst not receive
the money that's due to thee? I tell thee I had ten pounds worth
of ware here.

1. And I tell thee *John Goodfellow*, here's no such name in our
booke, nor no such ware deliuered.

Taw. Gods precious, there's a iest indeed, so a man may bee
swom-out of himself, had not I ten pounds worth of ware here?

2. No Goodman goose, that you had not.

Taw. Hydsy, here's excellent fellowes, are able to make their
maisters hornes grow through his head in a month, they cannot
only carefely deliuer away his ware, but also they will not take
money for it when it comes.

1. Doe you haue *Hoyden*, and my master were not in the next
roome, I'd knocke you about eares for playing the knaue with
vs, ere you parted.

Taw. By the massie I thinke your master had more need knock
you about the eares, for playing the lackes with him, ther's your
ten pounds, tell it out with a wanion, and take it for your paine.

1. Fute,

you know no bodie.

2. *Fut, here's a mad flauie indeed will gue ~~you~~ ten pound
In spight of our teethes.*

3. *Fellow Nimble Chaps, alas let the poore fellow alone, it ap-
pear's he is besides himselfe.*

Taw: By the masse, I think you will sooner make your master
flaik mad, if you play thus with euerie bodie.

Enter old Hobbe.

Hob: Hyday, bones a mee, here's lazy knaues.
Past eight a clocke, and neither wate sortied,
Nor shop swept.

Taw: Good morrow to you sir, haue you any more stomacke
to receive money, than your men haue this morning?

Hob: Money is welcome chaser, welcome good friend,
Welcome good friend.

Taw: Here's mountes malice are your man, scorns to receive it.

Hob: How knaues, thinke I scorne to receive my money?
Bones a mee growne proud, proud knaues, proud.

1. *I hope we know sir you doe not vise to bring vp your ser-
uants to receive money vntill it be due vnto you.*

Hob: No bones a me knaues, not for a million:
Friend, come to pay me money, for what, for what,
For what come you to pay me money?

Taw: Wh'by Sir, for ware I had someth agone,
Being Pins, Points, and Laces,
Poting flickes for yong wivea, for yong wenches glassea,
Ware of all sorts which I bore at my backe
To sel where I come, with what do you lack, what do you lack?
What doe you lack?

Hob: Bones a me a merry knaue: what's thy name?

Taw: My name sir is *John Good-fellow*,
An honest poore Pedler of Kent.

Hob: And had ten pound in ware of me, a moneth agoe:
Bones glue me the bookees, *John Good-fellow* of Kent.

Taw: O sir, *Nomine & natura*, by name and nature,
I am as well knowne for a good-fellow in Kent,
As your Cittie Summer's knowne for a knaue,
Come sir will you be stelling.

Hob.

If you will me say,

Howe I com to this, for I have of me here's no such master
To say knave away, thou owest me none, one of my doores.

Taw. How, what you done say you, this is but a tricke to try
my honestie now.

Hob. There's a gross, god drinke a pinte of Sacke,
Comfort thy selfe there is no well in thy wits,
God forbid, pay me ten pound not due to me.

Taw. Gods dickins he'ves a self indeed, master mad, men mad,
and all mad, he'ves a mad household: doe you hearre M. Holson,
I doe not greatly care to take your gross, and I care as little to
spend it, yet you shall know I am John, honest John, and I will not
be out of my honestie, here I had ten pounds worth of ware,
and I w'll pay for it.

Hob. Nimble-chaps, call for help Nimble-chaps,
Bones of me the man begins to rauie.

Taw. Master Holson found out one John Tawne-cote,
Had ten pounds worth of ware a moneth agoe.

Taw. Why that's I, that's I: I was John Tawne-cote then,
Though I am John Gray-cote now.

Hob. John Tawne-cote welcome John Tawne-cote.

Taw. Foot doe you thinke ile be out fact of my honestie?

Hob. A foot for John Tawne-cote, be good John Tawne-cote,
Honest John Tawne-cote, welcome John Tawne-cote.

Taw. Nay, by allme you we are honest all the generation of vs,
There r's to a Doct. I warrant it, you need not tell it after me,
Foot dayes thinkile be out fact of mine honestie?

Hob. Thou art honest John, honest John Tawne-cote:

Showing so honestely payd for this,

Sort vp his packe straight worth twentie pound,

Ile trust thee honest John, Holson will trust thees.

And any time, the ware that thou doost lacke,

Money or money not, ile shuffe thy packe.

Taw. I thankes you Master Holson, and this is the fruit of ho-
nestie.

Enter a Page.

Page. Be your leue M. Holson, I bring this favour to you,
My roiall Mistresse Queen Elizabeth,

High sent to borrow a hundred pound of you.

Hob.

You know no body.

Hob. How, boncs a nice, *Quene* know *Hobson*, *Quenes* know
And send bns for one hundred pound. Friend come in. *Hobson*
Come in friend, shall haue two, *Quenes* shall haue two
If Quenes know *Hobson*, once her *Hobsons* paue,
Must be free for her the is Englands Nurse:
Come in good friend, ha, *Quene* know *Hobson*,
Nay come in *Lake* wee'l dine together too,

Tay. Make vp my packe and be along from you:
Singing merrily on the way,

Poynts, Poynts, Gloues, and Puffes,
Pokingticks, and blacke let-vins,
Cambricks, lawnes, and pretiengays,
Come maydes and buy my batte doth croke,
I haue all that you want: what doe you lacke?

VVhat doe you lacke? *Exeunt.*

Ester Greflow and Sword. beare.

Gref. Our Citties Sword-bearer and my very good friend,
VVhat haue our honourable Court of Aldermen
Determin'd yet shall *Greflow* haue a plate,
To credit this wth building to his name,
May make the Cittie speake of him for ever.

Sword. They are in earnest, counfull fit about it.

Gref. Be you my Agentes and ffe to them,
I know your place and you the channell to you:
Tell them I wth make ffe to the Mayor's Court,
Beneath in the Sherard Chamber workmenes walke
In number full a hundred, my Frane is ready,
All onely stay their place, when you command
Up goes my worke, a goodly stately Land.

Sword. I shall be durtfull to your request. *Exeunt.*

Gref. Doe good M^r Sherard Chamber, now when this worke is
It shall bein the pleasure of my life, (rai'd,
To come and meet our M^r Sherards at their house,
And see them in the greatest storne that is
VValke dry, and in a wroake I mi'd for them:
Or fetch a tarse within my upper walke,
VWithin which square I haue ordered Shoppes shall bee
Of neat but necessarie Trades in London.

If you know not me,

And in the richest sort being garnish't out,
T'will doe me good to see shaps with faire wiues.
Sit to attend the profit of their husbands r-
Yong maides brought vpyoing men as prentises.
Some shall prooue masters and speake in *Greshams* praise,
In Greshams worke we did our fortunes raiſe.
For I dare say both Country and the Cours,
For wares shall be beholding to this worke.

Enter Sword-bearer, Lord Mayor, and Sheriffs.

Sword. *M. Gresham.*
Thus sends the Lord Mayor and Cour of Aldermen.

Ram. Or rather come to bring the newes our selfe:
We haue determin'd of a place for you
In Corne-hill, the delightfull of this Cittie,
Where you shall raise your Frame: the Cittie at their Charge
Hath bought the houles and the ground, (pound;
And payd for both three thousand five hundred three & twentie
Order is giuen the houses shall be sold,
To any man will buy them and renooue them,

Sherif. Which is already done, being fourescore households,
Were sold for 478. pound.
The plot is also plain'd at the Citties charges,
And wee in name of the whole Cittizens,
Doe come to giue you full possession
Of this our purchase, whereon to build a Burse,
A place for Marchants to assemble in,
At your owne charges.

Graf. *M. Shewſile* doo't, and what I spend therelin,
Discorne to lose day, neglect is a sinne:

VVhere be my worke men? *Enter workmen.*

Work. Here, here with trowell and tooles ready at hand.
Yrſb. Come fellowes, come: *Enter D. Nowell and Hobſon.*
VVe haue a Frame made, and we haue roome
To raise it: but *M.D. Nowell, and M. Hobſon,*
VVe haue your presence in a happie time,
This feuenth of June we the first ſtone will lay
Of our new Burse, giue vs ſome Brickes:
Here's a bricke, here's a faire Soueraigne,

Thus

you know no body.

Thus I begin, bee it hereafter told

I laid the first stone with a peece of gold,

Hee that loues *Grefham* follow him in this,

The gold we lay, due to the workemen is.

Work. O God blesse *M. Grefham*, God blesse *M. Grefham*,

Ram. The Mayor of *London* *M. Grefham* followes you:

Vnto your first this second I doe fit,

And lay this peece of gold a toppie of it.

Shri. So doe the Sheriffes of *London* after you.

Hob. And bones of me, old *Hobson* will be one,

Here's fellowys there's my gold give me a stome.

Work. God forbid a man of your credite shold want stonest

D. Now. Is this the Plot fir of your worke in hand?

Gref. The whole Plot both of forme and fashyon.

D. Now. In sooth it will be a good edifice,

Much Art appeares in it: in all my time

I have not scene a worke of this neat forme:

VWhat is this vaultage for, is fashyoned here?

Gref. Stowage for Marchants ware and strangers goods,

As either by exchange or otherwayes are vendable.

D. Now. Here is a middle round and a farre space,

The round is greater, and the space

Seemes open: your concete for that?

Gref. The grates giue light vnto the Cellerage,

Vpon the which ile haue my friends to walke,

When heauen gives comfortable raine vnto the earth:

For that I will haue couered. *D. Now.* So it appears.

Gref. This space that hedes not heauen from vs,

Shall be so stille, my reason is,

Ther's Summers heat, as well as winters colde,

And I allow and here's my reason for't,

Tis beter to be bleak't by winters breath,

Then to be stifted vp with Summers heat:

In cold weather walke drie and thicke together,

And every honest man warme one another:

In Summer then when too much heat offendes,

Take alre a Gods name Marchants or my friends.

D. Now. And what of this paie that is ouer head?

If you know not me,

Grefb. M. Deane in this :

There is more ware there then in all the rest,
Here like a parish for good Cittizens
And their faire wifes to dwell in, ile haue shoppes
Where every day they shal become themselues
In neat attire, that when our Courtiers
Shall come in traines to pace old *Gresham's* Bute,
They shall haue such a girdle of chaste eyes,
And such a globe of beautie round about:
Ladies shall blussh to turne their vizards off,
And Courtiers sweare they ly'd when they did scoff.

D. Now. Kind M. Gresham this same worke of yours,
Will be a Tombe for you after your death,
A benefit to Tradesmen and a place
VVhere Merchants meeet their traffike to malbaine,
Where neither could shall hurt them, heat, nor raine.

Grefb. O M. Nowell I did not forget
The troublesome storne we had in Lumbar-Street,
That time *Sir Thomas* and I were aduersaries,
And you and *M. Hobson* made vs friends.
I then did say, and now ile keepe my word,
I saw a want and I would helpe afford:
Nor is my promise giuen you when you shew'd
That rancke of charitable men to vs,
That I would follow their good actions
Forgot with me, but that before I die,
The world shall see Ile leaue like memorie. *A blasing Starre.*

*Hob. Fore-God my Lord, haue you beheld the like?
Looke how it streakes, what doe you thinke of it?*

Shir. Tis a strange Comet M. Hobson,
My time to my remembrance hath not seene
A sight so wonderfull. *M. D. Nowell,*
To iudge of these things your experience
Exceedeth ours, what doe you hold of it?
For I haue heard that Meteors in the ayre,
Of lesster forme, lesse wonderfull then these,
Rather fore-tell of danger's imminent,
Then flatter vs with future happiness.

D. Now

you know no body.

D. Now, Art may discouſe of cheſe things nonexan iudges
Directly of the will of heauen in this,
And by diſcouerthiſſe I hold eſit.
That this ſtrange ſtarre appearing in the North,
And in the coniellation of *Cæſepi*,
Vvhich with three fixed ſtarres coniinuit to it,
Doth make a Figure Geometricall,
Lazengewiſſe call'd of the learned *Rombus*,
Conducted with the hourelly Moone of heauen,
And never alred from the fixed ſphere,
Fore-tels ſuch alteration that my friends,
Heauen grant with this ſirft fight our ſorrow ends.

Ifab. God, will be done M. Deane, haue what hap will,
Death doth not ſcarre the good man but the ill.

Grefb. VWell ſaid M. *Habſon*.
Leti haue a day, that iſ death come to morrow
Hee's rather meſſenger of ioy then ſorrow.

Now ſir what newes from *Barbarie*? *Enter a Fattor.*

Fatt. Vnwelcome newes ſir, the King of *Barbarie* is flaine.
Grefb. Ha, flaine by treaſon or by warre.
Fatt. By warre, in that renowned Battell,
Swift Fame desires to carry through the world:
The Battell of *Alcasar*, wherein two Kings
Besides this King of *Barbarie* was flaine,
Kings of *Moroco* and of *Portugale*,
With *Stewkeley* that renowned Englishman
That had a ſpirit equall with a King,
Mad fellow with cheſe Kings in war-like ſtrife,
Honor'd his Countrey and concluded life.

Grefb. Could newes birladie, the venture Gentlemen
Of threescore thouſand pound with that dead King,
Lies in a hazard to be wonne or lost:
In what estate coniifts the Kingdome now?

Fatt. In peace, and the ſucceeding happie,
Was crownd then King when I tooke ſhip from thenee.

Grefb. To that King then be Meſſenger from vs,
And by the ſound of Trumpet ſummon him:
Say that thy Maſter and a London Marchant,

If you know not me,

Comes due performance of such covenants
Confirm'd by the late King vnto our selfe,
That for the summe of three-score thousand pound,
The traffike of his Sugars shoule be mine.
If he refuse the former bargaine made,
Then freely claime our money that we lents
Say that our coyne did sted the former King,
If he be Kind we haue as much for him.

Hob. By the Marie-god it was a dangerous day,
Three Kings beside yong *Sturkeley* slaine
Ile tell you my Lord Maior what I haue seene
When sword and bucklers were in question,
I haue seene that *Sturkeley* beat a strett before him,
He was so familiarre growne in euery mouth,
That if it happened any fighting were,
The question straighit was, was not *Sturkeley* there.
Bones a me he would bew it. Now, what newes with you?

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Here is a Letter sent you from *John Gresham*.

Hob. O an answer of a Letter that I sent,
To send mee Matches against *Bristow faires*,
If then any were come.

Boy. I cannot tell Sir well what to call it, but in steed of mat-
ches of ware, when you reade your Letter, I beleue you will find
your Factor hath matcht you.

Hob. VVhat's here, what's here. *Read the Letter.*

*As more as I could geffe at your meaning, I haue laboured to fur-
nish you, and haue sent you 2, thousand pounds worth of Match.
How, bones knaue, 2, thousand pounds worth of Match!*

Boy. Faith M. neuer chafe at it, for if you cannot put it away
for Match, it may be the hang-man will by some of it for halters.

Hob. Bones a me, I sent for matches of ware, fellowes of
ware.

Boy. And Match being a kinde of ware, I thinke your Factor
hath matcht you.

Hob. The blasphemous Starre did not appeare for nothing:
I sent to be sorted with matches of ware,

And

you know no bodie.

And he hath sent me nought, but a commoditi of Match,
And in a time when ther's no vent for it.
What doe you thinke on't *Gentlemen*,
I little thought *Sack* would haue seru'd me so.

Grefb. Nay M. *Hebson* grieue not at *Sack's* crosse,
My doubt is more and that I laughi at lesse. *Exeunt.*

Enter 2. Lords.

1. *Lord.* You haue traveld sir, how do you like this building?
Trust me it is the goodliest thing that I haue seene,
England affords none such.

2. *Lord.* Nor Christendome:

I might say all the world has not his fellow,
I haue been in *Turkies* great *Constantinople*,
The Marchants there meet in a goodly temple,
But haue no common Burse in *Rom*, but *Rome's*,
Built after the manner of *Frankford*, and *Enden*.
There where the greatest Marts and meeting places,
Of marchants are haue streets and pent-houses,
And as I might compare them to thorselues,
Like Lumber-street before this Buisse was built.

Enter sir Thomas Ransie.

1. *Lord.* I haue seene the like in *Bristow*,

Ram. Good morrow to your honours.

2. *Lord.* Thankes to my good Lord Major.

WE are gazing here of M. *Gresham's* worke.

Ram. I think you haue not seene a goodlier Frame.

2. *Lord.* Not in my life, yet I haue been in *Venice*,

In the *Realtv* there called *S. Markes*,

Tis but a bable if compar'd to this.

The neareſt that which most resembles this,

Is the great Burse in *Anverp*, yet not comparable

Either in height or widenesſe: the faire Sellerage,

Or goodly shoppes aboue: O my Lord Major,

This *Gresham* hath much grac't your Cittie *London*,

His fame will long out-lue him.

1. *Lord.* It is reported you sir *Thomas Ransie* are as rich as he,
This should incite you to such noble worke,
To eternize you.

Ram.

If you know not me,

Ram. Your Loefhip pleases to be pleasant with me;
I am the meanest of a many men
In this faire Cittie, M. *Grefham* fame
Drawes me as a spectator amongst others,
To see his cost, but not compare with it.

1. Lord. And it is cost indeed.

2. Lord. But when to fit these empie roomes about here,
The pictures grauen of all the English Kings
Shall be set ouer and in order plac't,
How glorious will it then be?

1. Lord. Admirable!

Ram. These very Pictures will surmount my wealth.

1. Lord. But how will M. *Grefham* name this place?

2. Lord. I heard my L. of *Leicester* to the Quene
Highly commend this worke, and she then promis'd
To come in person and heare christen it,
It cannot haue a better God-mother.

This Grefham is a royll Cittizen.

Ram. He feaſteth this day the Russian Ambaſſadour,

I am a bidden Guest:

Where if it please you.

1. Lord. Good ſir *Thomas*,
VVe know what you would ſay, VVe are his Guests
Invited two: yet in our way we tooke
This wonder worth our paynes, it is our way
To Bishop-gate to M. *Grefham* ſtoune,
Theſter ſo please you we'eſl affociate you.

Enter *Grefham* leading in the Ambaſſadour, Muſick,
and a Banquet ſerved in: the Ambaſſadour ſet:

Enter *Sir Tho. Ramſie*, the 2. Lord's, my Lady

Ramſie the Weights in Sergeants gownes
with one Interpreter.

Grefb. Lords all at once welcome, welcome at once,
You come to my new buildings vpſitting,
It hath beene long in labour now deliuer.
anon weele haue a health to it.

This

you know no body.

This Russian Prince the Emberours Ambassador
Dooth not our Language vnderstand: Interpreter,
Say that the wee bidde him wel-come.

Inter. The Prince speakes Latin,
And in that language weele interpret for him:

*Salutem tibi optat & adicentum tuum gravissime
iuste Londinenfis.*

Amb. *I*sum libens audio, aget illi meo nomine *Ex
animo gratias, sum de quod bibamus.*

Inter. He gladly thanks you for his royll wel-come
And drinke to you.

Grefb. We understand that signe.

Come let our full crown'd cups o'reflow with wine,
Wel-come againe faire Lords.

2. Lord. Thankes M. *Grefham.*

VVe haue beene viewing of your workes.

Grefb. My Burse how doe you like it Lord,
It is a pretie bable.

2. Lo. Tis a faire worke.

Her Maiestie intends to name the place.

Grefb. She doth her seruant *Grefham* too much grace,
It will be pretie when my Pictures come
To fill those emptie roomes, if that holdes,
That shps rich is worth her waight in gold.

1. Lo. It will be rare and famous.

Grefb. VVhat was it that the Russian whispered?

Inter. He aske me what interpreter the Queene
VVould in his Embassie employ.

Grefb. None, tell him none.

For though a woman, she is a rare Linguist,
VVhere other Princes vse Interpreters,
She *propræ vocæ*, I haue some Latin too:
She of her selfe heares all their Embassies,
And her selfe answers them without Interpreter,
Both Spanish, Latin, French, and Greeke,
Dutch, and Italian, so let him know:
My Lord of *Leicester* sent me word last night,
And I am prouder on't then on my building,

If you know not me,

The Queene to grace me and my workes the more,
The severall Ambassadors then will heare,
And them in person answere.

2. Lord. Tis most true.

Enter a Gentleman whispering to sir Thomas Rameſſe.
Grefham. The Russian with the France.

What would that Gentleman sir Thomas?

Ram. He is a Merchant and a Jeweller:
Mongſt other ſtones he faith he hath a Pearle
Orient and round, waighing ſo many carats
That it can ſcarſe be valedew: the French king.
And many other Dukes haue for the riches
And prize refuſ'd to buy it: now he comes,
To offer it to this Ambaſſadour.

Grif. Shew him the Pearle Interpreter:
The Lord Ambaſſadour.

Inter. *Mercator quidem & aurifex ſpectandum, tibi proferit
Gemam domine ſereniffime.*

Amb. *Et pulchra & princeps digna, poterrog a quanti iudicabit?*
Inter. He conuirms it to be both rich and faire,

And desires to know how you vallewe it.

Mar. My prieſt ſir, is fifteene hundred pound.
Amb. *Quanti vales?*

Inter. *Mille quin gentis minis,*
Amb. *Non, non nimis peccata eſt iſta Gemma.*

Inter. He faith it is too deare, he will not buy it.

Gref. I will peruie your pearle, is that your prieſt?
Mar. I cannot bate one crowne and gaine by it.

Enter a Marriner.

Grif. We'l not be acceſſarie to your Loſſe,
And yet conuider all things ſome may thinkē va
To be but bare of treasure at this time,
Having diſburſt ſo much about our workes:
Yet if our ſhips and Trade in Barbarie
Hold currant we are well: what newes from Sea,
How ſtands my ſhips?

Mar. Your ſhips in which all the Kings pictures were,
From Brute unto our Queene Elizabeth:

Drawne

you know no body.

Drawne in white marble, by a storme at sea
Is wrackt and lost.

Grefb. The Losse, I way not this:
Onely it greeues me that my famous building,
Shall want so rich and faire an ornament.

L. Rams. It touches all the Cittie; for those pictures
Had doubly grac't this royll edifice.

Rams. Me thinkes the ships losse most should trouble you.

Grefb. My ships but wealth, why we haue wealth;
The pictures were the grace of my new Burse,
So I might them in their true forme behold,
I car'd not to haue lost their waights in gold.

1. Lord. A noble Citizen. *Enter a Factor.*
Grefb. Our Factor, what good newes from Barbarie?

What sayes the King, speake, didst thou summon him?
Or hast thou brought my threescore thousand pound?

Or shall I haue the Sugars at that rase?
If so, new marble Pictures weele haue wrought,
And in a new ship from beyond-sea brought.

Fact. The King that in the regall chaire succeedes
The King late dead I summon'd, and deuaunded

Either your money tendred, or the Sugars

After the rate propos'd, hee denied both.
Alleging though he was successeue heire,

He was not therefore either tide to pay

The late Kings debts, nor yet to stand vnto

Vnnecessarie bargaines: notwithstanding

To gratifie your loue, the King hath sent you

As presents, not as satisfaction:

A costly dagger, and a paire of slippers,

And there's all for you three-score thousand pound.

Grefb. Birlady a deare bargaine.

1. Lord. I feare me this will plague him, a strange croffe,
How will he take this newes, losse vpon losse.

2. Lord. Nay, will it not yndoe him, doth he not wish
his buildings in his purse.

Grefb. A dagger that's well,

A payre of slippers come vnto my shooes,

If you know not me,

What 30. thousand pound in sterlinc money,
And payd me all in slippes, then Hoboyes play,
On slippers ile daunce all my care away:
Fit, fit, he had the iust length of my foot,
You may report Lords when you come to Court,
You *Gresham* saw a paire of slippers weare
Cost thirte thousand pound.

1. *Lo.* Somewhat too deare,
Nor yet for all this treasure we haue lost,
Repents it vs one penny of our cost.

2. *Lo.* As roiall in his vertues as his buildings,
Ram. Thele losſes would haue kild me.

Gresh. Jeweller,
Let's ſee thy pearle: goe pound it in a Morter,
Beate it to powder then returne it me,
What Dukes, and Lordes, and theſe Ambaſſadours
Haue euē before our face refuſd to purchase
As of too high a price to venture on,
Gresham a London Marchant here will buy,
What is it broken ſmall? fill vs ſome wine,
Fuller, yet fuller till the brim or'e flows,
Here 16000. pound at one clap goes,
In ſtead of Sugar, *Gresham* diinkes this pearle
Vnto his Queene and Miftrefſe: pledge it Lords,
Who euer ſaw a Marchant bratelier fraught,
In deater ſlippers of a richer draught?

3. *Lo.* *Ram.* You are an honour to all English Merchants
As bountifull as rich, as Charitable
As rich as renowned as any of all.

Gresh. I doe not this as prodigall of my wealth,
Rather to ſhew how I eſteeme that loſſe
Which cannot be regain'd, A London Marchant
Thus tread on a kings preſent: Jeweller,
My Factor ſhall deliver you your money.
And Lords ſo please you but to ſee my Schoole,
Of the ſeven learned liberall Sciences,
Which I haue founded here neere Bifhops-gate,
I will conduct you. I will make it Lords

you know no body.

An Vnuerstie within it selfe,
And giu't from my reuenewes maintenance.
We are not like those that are not liberall
Till they be dying, what wee meane to giue,
Wee wil bestow, and see done whilst we live.
Attendance, come, th'ambasiadous, guesse all,
Your welcom's great, albeit your cheer's but small

Exeunt.

Enter Tawnytote with a speed.

Taw. Hard world, when men dig huing out of stones,
As wretched miserable I am inforc't:
And yet there liues more pitrie in the earth,
Then in the flint-bosomes of her children,
For slice's content to haue her aged breft
Mangled with matrocks, rent and torn with spades,
To giue her children and their children bread,
When man more flinty then her stonic Ribbes
That was their mother, neither by intreates,
Teares, nor complaints will yeeld them sustinance,
But tis our ages fault the mightier,
Teare huing out of vs, we out of her.

Enter Hobson in his gowne and slippers.

Hob. Mother a me what a thick mylt is here?
I walked abrod to take the mornings ayre,
And I am out of knowledge, bones a me
What Meads, what Inclosures haue we here?
How now old Hobson, doat in thine old age?
A foole a threescore, whether wilt thou wit?
I crost the water in my gowne and slippers,
To see my rents and buildings of the Bancke-side,
And I am slipt cleane out of ken, fore-god
A wooll-gathering.

Taw. Either mine eare's deceived,
Or I should know that tonguet tis so indeed,
Each word he speakes makes my torne heart to bleed.

Hob. Ha,ha, I smile at my owne foolerie,
Now I remember mine old Grammother
Would talke of Fayries and Hobgoblins,

If you know not me,

That would lead milke-maldes ouer hedge and ditch,
Make them milke their M. neighbours kine,
And ten to one this *Robin Godfellow*, *Tawnyate digges*,
Hath led mee vp and downe the mad mans maze.
I heare some companie, for shame all whist,
Sit thee downe *Hobson* a right man, in the mist.

Taw. Tis he alas, when the rough hand of want
Hath cast vs downe, it loades vs with mishaps:
I broke my day with him, O had that fatall houre
Broken me heart: and Villaine that I was,
Never so much as wrie in my excuse,
And he for that defaulthath sew'd my bill,
And with an execusion is come downe
To seaze my houeshold stuffe, imprison me,
And turne my wife and children out of dores.
What shall I flie him? no hee's pitifull?
Then with my teares I will importune him:
God sau you M. *Hobson*.

Hob. *Hobson*, Bones a mee,
VVhat voyce is that? art thou a man, or friend?
Tell me if thou bee st that Will of the wispe,
That leadst me this wild Morice: I coniure thee
To leaue mee to my selfe,

Taw. O M. *Hobson*,
As euer you haue beeene a poore mans friend,
Continue still so, Insule not or'e thy fortunes,

Hob. I am in the mist, what art thou, speake?

Taw. A Debter of your worships.

Hob. A Debter of mine, mother of me thou lyest,
I know thee not, nor doe I know this place:
If thou owest me any thing, pay mee with thy loue,
And if thou bee st acquainted in these woods,
Conduct me to some Towne, or direct roade
That leads to London, and ile here discharge thee
Of debts and dutys, and beside impart
Somewhat to cherish thee.

Taw. What should I thinke?
He knowes mee, and for feare I should escape him,

you know no bodie.

Hee would entice me to the Officers.

O Master *Hobson* tho not for mine owne,
Yet for my wife and my poore childrens sakes,
If your i'rent bee to imprison mee,

Vpon my knees I doe intreat you spare mee:

The goods you trusted mee withall, I haue not wasted

In royon and excesse, but my ki'nd heart,

Seeing my helpelesse neighbours in distresse,

By reason of the long and extreme deirth,

Some I relieved, some trusted with my goods,

Whose pouerties not able to repay.

Then beare with me a little, your rich store

Haith sau'd my life and fed a hundred more.

Hob. Now bones a mee another *Tamisote*:

What's thy name Knaue? *Taw.* John Rouldonsir,

Hobson. Bones a mee!

I thought as much: art not thou *Tamisote*?

Taw. I am the man whom you cal'd *Tamisote*.

Hob. And I the *Hobson* that will pitie thee:

Now bones a mee, what makeſt thou with a spade?

Taw. This spade alas, tis all the wealth I haue,

VVhen my poore wife and children cry for bread,

They still must cry till these haue purchaf'd it:

They must goe naked till these hardened hands,

VVhen the cold breth of VVinter strikes on them,

Till these haue earn'd it.

Hob. Now alas good soule,

It melts my heart to heare him, and mine eyes

Could weepe for companie, what earn'd a day?

Taw. Little God knowes:

Though I be stirring earelier then the Larke,

And at my labour later then the Lambe,

Towards my wife and childrens maintenance,

I scarcely earne me three-pence by the day.

Hob. Alas the while, poore soule I pitie them,

And in thy words as in a looking-glasie,

I see the toyle and trauell of the countrey,

And quiet gaine of citties blessednesse,

If you know not me,

Heavens will for all, and shoulde not we respect it
We were vnworthy life : but bones of me,
Dost thou think to pay me twentie pound,
And keepe thy charge, earning a groat a day?

Taw. God blesse my labours, I hope I shal,
I haue this quarter by exceeding thift,
Bare clothing, and spare diet scrap't together
Fift shillings in a purse which I lay vp,
Towards your worshipps debt.

Hob. Giue it me, somewhat hath some fauour,
And yet shal I spend that which the poore labouer god
No God forbid, old Hobson neare will eat,
Rather then surfer vpon poore mens sweat:
Take it againe, and by thy children bread.
But soft the mist doth breake, what towne is this?

Taw. Dedford and it like your worship.

Enter Timotie,

Hob. Bones a me, to Detford came I to doe charitie:
I see t'was Gods appointment,
But who comes here, bones a me honest Tim,
T'was said in London you were bound for France,
And I determined to haue write by you.

Tim. By yea and nay, M. Hobson tis no vntruth, I was bound
for France, landed in France, dispatch't some secret businesse for a
sister in France, and from her haue french tokens to deliuer to the
sister hood, whom I shall first encounter in England.

Hob. Bones a me Tim, so speedy in your iourney,
It seemes your businesse was of much import.

Tim. Verely it was, and it stood chiefly betweene two wo-
men: & as you know women loue to haue their busines dispatch't.

Hob. Mother a me Tim, I am glad of ir,
But how doo's my factor John Grefham in France?

Tim. You grauely may better consider of that then I can dis-
couse, but withall I pray you think hee is a wilde youth: there
are Tavernes in France, yet I doe not think John Grefham is gi-
uen to frequent them, & yet I must remember you, he is a youth,
and youth may be drawne to expences, England's on this side
France, on it, the Sea betwixt him and his Master, but I doe
not

you know no body.

not thinke him guiltie, yet I could say.

Hob. Mother of me, leue of these Parables,
And tell me plainly, is hee not a wench?

Tim. By yes, and by nay sir without Parable, I am no tel-
tale, I haue seene him in company with Madona such a one, or
such a one, it becomes not flesh and blood to reueale: your wor-
ship knowes he is in France, the Sea betwixt him and you, and
what a yong youth in that case is proone vnto: your grauitie is
wise, Ile not say so much as I saw him drinking with a French
Lady, or Lasse in a Tauerne, because your grauitie is wise, but
if I had, it had beene lesse then perhaps you imagine on such a
wilde youth, as he no question doos deserve.

Hob. Mother of mee tis so, In a French Tauerne
Kissing the Ladie, and the Sea betwixt vs:
I am for you M. *John*: thus in my gowne and slippers,
And night-cap and gowne ile steppre ouer to France,
Here *Tawnies*, receiue thou my seaf'd ring,
Beare it to my Factor, bid him by that token
Sort thee out fortie pounds worth of such wares
As thou shalt think most beneficiall:
Thou art a free-mân, vp with thy Trade agen,
Ile raise thee *Rouland*, if God say Amen.

Taw. I know not how.

Hob. Tut bones a mee man peace,
Hobson will doo't; Tou oweſt me but twentie pound,
Ile venture fortie more, *Timothy* here shall be thy witnesſe
To my Factor in this businelle,
To all our friends in London say, I am gone
Oner to France, I am for your M. *John*.

Exeunt.

Enter John and Carterian.

Carter. Sweet youth thou art too yong, and yet scarce ripe
To taste the sweetnesse of my mellowed loue.

John. That's the reason I ſet thy teeth an edge thus, but thou
knowſt I promiſd to haue about with thee at our laſt parlay, and
I am come to perorme my word, name the weapon.

Carter. Nothing but kisses, and enticing lookeſ,

John. Then ward your lips well, or yotle ha the firſt venney.

G

Carter.

If you know not me,

I haue no warden but this; my tender Sex
Haue not the manly skill to breake a thrush
Oh how I dote on thise! I haue triide ere now
The sweete Spaniard, and the carowfing Daste,
The foggy Dutch-man, and the fiery French,
The briske Italian, and indeede what not?
And yet of all and all, the Englishman
Shall goe for me: I yo're the truest Louers,
The ab est, last night, and the truell men
That breath beneath the Sunne.

John. Why then the Englishman for thy money, God a mercy
little rogue, there's no loue lost ile assure thee. I am my Ma-
sters Factor, and thou haft a Commodrie that I must needs take
vp, and not en er't into his Cash-booke neither. Little thinkes
my master in England, what ware I deale withall here in France;
but since tis offer'd me at the best hand, ile venture on't though I
be a looser by the bargaine.

Cw. I would be pauane, least the tell-tale ayre
Whisper our loue, I prethe let vs in,
To the inner chamber, I am jealous
Of all eyes but mine owne to looke vpon thee,
I would haue none to see thee but my selfe:
Innumorous armes to hold thee but my selfe:
To associate, talke, discourse or dally with thee:
Clip, grapse hands, or kille thee but my selfe.

John. V Who would not be a Marchant venturer, and lay out
for such a faire retурne; I shall venture the doubling of my years
presently: I thinke I haue met with a better Commodrie then
Marches, and my Master canhot say but hee hath met with his
match: this is to haue the Land & the Sea betwixe me & my ma-
ster, here can I keepe my french Revels, and none say so much as
blake is mine eye, prethe little pinckany beslow this 'ewell a me.

Cw. This Jewel's a Loue: as'e my life tis thine:
But this an English factor whom you know
Gave me at his departurse out of Rioane,
And I haue vow'd to keepe it for his sake,
Any thing but this Jewell.

John. But if I could get his Jewell cleanly, and carry it him
over

you know no body.

ever at my returne for a token, t'were a leſt worth laughing at :
but and thou wilt not giue me this lewell, prethe giue mee this
ſame chaine to were for thy ſake,

Cartez. This was another Countrey-mans of yours,
He made me ſwear to kept till his returne:
Aske me aught elſe, tis thine.

John. Why then this Ring.

Cartez. That you of all the fauours that I weare
Could finde out nothing but this ring? This ring,
A toy not worth the giuing: yet I ſooner
Would part with life then this, a dying friend
Bequeath'd it at his death: But honey Loue
What ſhouldſt thou talke of giuing, tis a word
Worne out of vſe, it ſounds not well in French:
A man ſhould ſtill ſay take, take to his Wench.

John. Then I ſay take, take this and this, ſtill take heed of me
leaſt I ſhew you a ſlippere tricke for this, tis the kindeſt wench in
Christendome, but ſheele part with nothing:
Shall we haue another woing Roome?

Cartez. What Roome thou pleaſeſt, deare heart I agree,
VVhere ere I goe, there ſhall be roome for thee.

John. Any then, I may chance to make you wiſh rather my
roome then, my compagnie and you looke not the better too'.

*They with draw: Enter at the ſober end of the
Stage, Hobſon in his Gorne and ſlippers.*

Hobſon. I haue ſlipt or'e into France, and in my ſlippers
Given all my friends the ſlippe, to ſee this Gallant
My man, he that haſt haueſt met me bones a me,
The knaue's a Prophet, elſe it could not be.
Hee's not at his Lodging: yet by an English Factor,
A fellow knowes not me, I was d. rected
Vnto this house, Ile know what busines
The knaue hath here.

Pufſat.

Intrat Puella.

Wench. VVhoſe there? whoſe at the doore? (man)
Hobſon. Damsell good day, is there not a fellow here an English?
Here's an English-man, but none of your fellow aciether: I hope
ſic we are not all fellowes at foote-ball.

G. a.

Hobſon,

If you know not me,

Hob. Nay bones a me Gicle, there's no reason we should be fellowes, but prethe my wench is there not one *Jack Gresham* here?

Wench. No goodman locke like a Goufe, but ther's one *M. John Gresham* an English Gentleman here: and you know no manners, you would be taught some.

Hob. Bones a me goodman Master, Master servant, Old goodman *Hobson* keeps Gentlemen to his men
Jack turn'd to *M. John*, mary reverence,
The french maid taught me manners: well I hope
VVe shall haue a sight of the Gentleman.

Wench. As you vise your selfe you may, and you may not.

Exit Ambo.

Fall: Curtiz,

John. Thou seest this Jewell well becomes mine eare,
This Ring my figner, and this chaine myne arme,

Curtiz. He be thy Jewell at thy lippes ile hang,

*And as this Ring thy finger compasleth,
So shall these a me's thy waste: these are but toyes,
Let me displace them.*

Intra: Purla.

Wench. M. *John* here's a fellow below would speake with you.

John. With me, what is he?

Wench. A simple Coxecombe, ile call him vp to you,

John. Doe my sweet Buffamacke: some Carryer or base knave
that hangs of my liberalitie: I hope tis not pure *Tim*, come for
the second part of my benevolence:
Admit him in that he may praise our fate,
And see vs in our choiell pompe and stafe.

Wench. Here's the fellow I told you of sir.

Intra: Hobson.

John. Zoones my Master.

Hob. Sante amen: Man *John*, a wenchart Knaue, rache and
manger knaue; bones a me, cannot a snatch and away serue your
turne, but you must lie at rache and manger? Is this the ware
you deal with seruant *John*?

John. Chap-mans ware sir.

Hob. Sirra, Sirra, the dealing with such ware belongs not to
our Trade: bones a me knaue, a Prentise must not occupie for
himselfe but for his Master, to any purpose.

John.

you know no body.

Job. And hee cannot occupie for his Master without the consent of hi. Mistresse.

Hob. Come, y'are a knaue.

Job. Of your owne bringing vp sir.

Hob. Besides, thou canst not keepe open shop here, because thou art a forrainer, by the lawes of the Realme.

Job. Not within the libertie: but I hope the suburbs tollerates any man or woman to occupie for themselues, they may doo't in the Citie too, and they be naturalz'd once.

Hob. I but sira, Ile haue none of my English Prentises Frenchified; bones a me knaue, Ile haue thet dealt with no such broken Commodities.

Job. Your Worshipp must haue such as the Countrey yeelds, or none at all. But I pray ye sir, what's oþr trade?

Hob. What sayst thou knaue?

Job. That your worship is a Haberdasher of all wares.

Hob. Lones of me, a Haberdasher of small wares.

Job. And that the wotl trade in all Christendome, and especially for French women: If they know a man to be a Haberdasher of small ware, thei'le haue no dealing with him, and therefore and you will haue any good Commodities here, you must change your copie, you never were a travellor: and therefore you know not what belongs too't; but you doe cleane mistake this Gentlewoman, and you take her for a light wench, weigh her in equall ballance, and you shall find her no such woman, no such woman Ile assure you.

Hob. No, what is she then *Job*?

Job. Fore God sir, I would not haue you wrong the Gentlewoman's reputaþ, for a world. This *Mistress* deales for her selfe and hath many sorts of ware at command, I was now bargaining with her about a certayne Countrey Commoditie, and had not your comiing mar'd the Match, one had gone through for't. And further should you wrong the Ladies reputaþ heere in Fraunce, Ile assure you they haue the law of their sides, but to confirme your good opinion of her, this is she of whom I tooke vp your Commodicie of Matches; be sorry for your offence, and excuse you to her for þame maister.

Hob. Bones a me knaue, I cannot speake a word of French.

If you know not me,

Job. Nor she of English, but al's one; vpon her Master, and
what you cannot doe in words, perfourme in dumbe signes:
What in your slippers come to take me napping!
Ile give you what you come for instantly,
And on the sudden make you so agast,
You will be glad to pardon what is past.

Hobf. Madam, I cry you mercie for this wrong
Done to your Ladyship, I did suspe^ct you
For a bad liuer, but I see you cleare,
For which mistake, I doe remaine your seruant.

Courtez. Gramericie Mounfier.

Hobf. How, would you my gray Mare see? If it like your
Ladyship, I came by water, and neither of Mares backe, nor
horse backe.

Courtez. No, no point parla Francoi.

Hobf. No indeed Ladie, my name is not *Fraunesh*, your ser-
uant and *John Hobson*.

Courtez. No point?

Hobf. No points; yes indeed Ladie, I haue points at my
hose, though I goe vntrust.

Courtez. No point parla.

Hobf. I haue no points in my parlour indecede, but I haue a
hundred pounds worth in my shop. *Intra^s Job: cum alijs Faſt.*

John. Tush feare not lads, for he knowes none of you,
Doe but buffe out a little broken French,
And he'le neuer take you to be Englishmen.

Omnes Faſt. We'le ſecond the tother, but mannage it.

Job. Be patient I beſeech you Gentlemen,
Though you be officers, appointed here
To ſearch ſuspected places, as this is
A moſt notorious filthy bawdie house,
And carrie all odd rustic Fornicators
Above the age of ſixtie vnto prison,
Yet know, th's is an honest Gentleman.

Hobf. A ſearch, and this a bawdie house! why *John*,
Bones a me knae, How comes this to paſſe?

1. Faſt. Meſafar man a moy.

Hobf. How, muſt you haue money of me? Ile know where-
fore

you know no body.

Here first, by your leavves.

John. Nay Master I would it were but a money matter,
A Cage, or whipping-pest, or so, tis worse:
What an old man to chide his Prentise hence,
As if he had some priuat businesse,
And then himselfe get close vnto his wench;
Nay whipping's all too good, had you found me so,
There had beene wo:ke ynoch, there had been newes
For England, and a whole twelueonths chiding
Of my good vncle.

2. Full: Ie vowe ffor ffor Amifte.

Hobf. Ho: v, must I goe to prison for doing amifte?
Job. To prison? nay to whipping, I am fortie,
And to my power I will intreat for you: Fie Master, fies.

Hobf. Bones a me *John*, is not this a Ladie?
Job. No by my troth Master, such as in the Garden-allies,
Joane's as good as this French Ladies.

Hobf. Is not this Gentlewoman a dealer?
And hath she not a good commoditie?
Job. Yes by my faith sir, I confesse both.

Hobf. Hath she not ware?
Job. She hath, and at a reasonable reckoning.
Hobf. And may not then a Chapman deale with her?
Job. Marry may ye sir, and Ile iend news to your wife of your
The caufe of your coming to *France* shalbe knowne, (dealing)
And what second hand commodities you tooke vp
Since your coming, my mistreffe in *England* shall know
What vterance you haue for your small wares in *France*:
Pen and inke, Ile let it downe in blacke and white,

Hobf. Bones a me *John*, what *Job*? why honest *Job*?
Job. Harry commendation, — vnderstand, — even end master
Hobf. found with a whore in *Rouen*, — place, a common
bawdie house, — must be whipt.

Hobf. No more good *John*.
Job. You haue had none yet, — whipt about the townes
Hobf. See honest *John*, why bones a me knave *Job*.
Job. In witness whereof, all these honest gentlemen eye-witnesses,
haue set to their hands, nay my mistreffe shall know it, that's ffor:

If you know not me,

are there not Wenches ynow in England, but you must walke
over sea in your slippers, and venture (being not shod) to come
into Fraunce a wenching, what an old man too! the shall know
what a slipperie tricke you would haue serued her in your slippers
in Fraunce.

Hobf. Nay, bones a me *John*, friends, sweet *John* all friends;
I do confess tha't o'reacht thy maller,
Ca me, ca shee, concle this from my wife,
And Ile keepe all thy knauerie from thine uncle.

Job. Well sir, In hope of amendment, I am content, and yet

Hobf. Nay, bones a me, Ile take you at your word,
Besides I hope these honest Gentlemen
Will loue my credite.

Job. Ile entreate for you.

Hobf. Tis Logicks to me sir, I vnderstand you not.

Job. Marry in they say, if you will walke with them to their
lodgings, for my sake they invite you to dinner.

Hobf. God a mercie Gentlemen, God a mercie *John*, but
bones a me knaue, wheres are their lodgings?

Job. Hard by, for why doe you aske?

Hobf. I hope theyle bring me to no more bawdie houses,
I would not be taken napping againe for two and one:
But Gentlemen Ile accept of curtesie, and then *John*
You shall with me to England, weele shew Fraunce
Our backs. And you will needs deale for your selfe,
Afore your time, you shall doo't in England.

Will you walke Gentlemen?

Courtly. Adue Mounfier, and *Grebham* farewell too,
No more of French loue, no more french losse shall doe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Thomas Ransay being Maw, Sheriff,

Sword-bearer. &c.

Sir The. VWell sayd my Maffers, see all things be readie,
To giue her Maiestie such entertaine

As may grace London, and become the flase

Her highnesse brings along,

Wher's the Queene now?

She comes along the Strand from *Summerfie* house,
Through Temple-barre, downe Fleet-street, and the cheape,

The

you know no body.

The North side of the Burse to Bishops gate,
And dines at master *Grefham*, and appoints
To returne on the South side through Corne-hill,
And there when she hath viewd the roomes aboue,
And walkes below, she'le giue name to the Burse.

Sheriff. The streets are fit, and all the Companies
Plac't in their liueries gaist her returne,
But my Lord Maior, shall these ambassadours
This day haue audience?

Sir Tho: Admittance if not audience was graunted,
See therefore Trumpets, and all kinds of Musick
Be plac't against her roiall interview,
The steps with Arras spread where she ascends,
Besides giue charge vnto the shop-keepers
To make their best shewes in the vpper roomes,
Because the Queene intends to compasse it.

Sheriff. Tis done my Lord.

Trumpets a sturr off.

Sir Tho: The Queen hath din'd, the Trumpets sound already,
And giue note of her comming, bid the Waites
And Hoboyes to be readie at an instant.

*Enter at one doore the Queen, Lester, Sufex, Lords, Grefham,
as the other Castermer, the French and Florentine
Ambassadours, Sir Tho: Ramsey, &c.*

Ambassadours, Sir Tho: Ramsey, &c.

Queen. *Lester* and *Sufex*, are those the Ambassadours?

Lest. They are dread Soueraigne, he that formost stands,
The Emperours, the second is the French,
The last is the Florentine.

Queen. We will receive them,

*Here the Queen entertaines the Ambassadours,
and in their severall languages con-
fers with them.*

Sufex and *Lester* place the ambassadours,
We at our Court of Greenwich will dilate
Further of these designes, where's *Grefham*?

Grefb. Your humble subiect and seruant.

Queen. Our leasure now serues to suruey your Burse,
A goodly frame, a rare proportion.

If you know not me,

This Cirtie our great Chamber cannot shew vs
To addē vnto our fame, a monument

Of greater beautie: *Leicester* what sayst thou?

Leicester. That I my Soueraigne haue not seen the like.
Queen. *Suffolk* nor you?

Enter Hobson.

Suff. Madam not I: This *Gresham* worke of stōne,
VVill live to him when I am dead and gone.

Hob. God blesse thy Grace *Queene Bess*.

Queen. Friend, what art you?

Hob. Knowest thou not mee *Queene*? then thou knowest no
Bones a me *Queen*, I am *Hobson*, and old *Hobson* (body:
By the Stockes, I am sure you know me.

Queen. VVhat is he *Leicester*, doost thou know this fellow?
Gresham or you?

Gresh. May it please your Maiestie,
He is a rich substantiall Citizen.

Hob. Bones a me woman send to borrow money
Of one you doe not know, there's a new tricke:
Your Grace sent to me by a Purfuant,
And by a priuie Seale to lend your Highnesse.
An hundred pound: I hearing that my *Queene*
Had need of money, and thinking you had known me,
Would needes vpon the bearer, force two hundred:
The *Queene* shoulde haue had three rather then faile,
I by this hand *Queene Bess*, I am olde *Hobson*
A Haberdasher, and dwelling by the Stockes:
VVhen thou seeſt money with thy Grace is scant,
For twice fife hundred pound thou shalt not want.

Queen. Vpon my bond.

Hob. No, no my Soueraigne,
Ile take thine owne word without skrip or scrowle.

Queen. Thankes honest *Hobson*, as I am true mayde,
Ile see my selfe the money backe repayd:
Thou without grudging lendest, thy Purſe is free,
Honest as plaine.

Suff. A true well meaning man I warrant him.

Gresh: Your Maiestie promist to giue the name

To

you know no body.

To my new Burse.

Queen. *Gresham* we will. A Herald and a Trumpet.

Loft. A Herald and a Trumpet.

Queen. Proclaine through euerie high stree of this citie,
This place to be no longer cal'd a Burse,

But since the building's stately, faire and strange,

Be it for euer cal'd, the Royall Exchange. *A florish here.*

And whil't this voice flyes through the citie forth-right,

Arise Sir *Thomas Gresham* now a Knight,

Be our Ambassadors conducted all

Vnto their severall lodgings: this 23. of Ianuarie

A thousand, fise hundred, and seuentie, *Elisabeth*

Christens this famous worke: now to our Court

Of *Greenwich*; *Gresham*, thankes for our good cheere:

We to our people, they to vs are deere.

Enter Nowell and Ladie Ramse.

La: Ram: What thinke you of my Husband master *Dean*?

Now: As of all men, we are mortall, made of clay,

Now healthfull, now crasie; now sicke, now well;

Now liue, now dead, and then to heauen, or hell.

La: Ram: It cheer's my heart, now in his deepe of sicknesse,
He is so charitable, and so well adiected

Vnto the poore's relief.

Now: It ioyes me too:

Great is the number of the rich in shew

About the Citie, but of the charitable,

There are but few.

La: Ram. Amongst these, I hold old *Hobson* well deseru's

To be ranckt equall with the bountifull'st:

He hath rais'd many falling, but especially

One master *Rowland*, one cal'd *Tannicose*:

But now an able Citizen late chosen

A Majiter of the Hospital.

Now, I know him well,

A good sufficient man, and since he purchaſt

His Freedome in the Citie God hath bleſſt

His trauaile with increase.

La: Ram: I haue knowne old *Hobson*,

If you know not me,

Sit with his neighbour *Gester* a good man,
In Christ's Church morn by morn, to watch poore couples
That come there to be married, and to be
Their common fathers, and glue them in the Church,
And some few Angels for a dower to boot,
Besides they two are cal'd the common *Godfops* -
To witnesse at the Funt for poore mens Children,
Nor they refuse that on their helpe doe call,
And to speake truth, they're bountifull to all, *Enter Hobson.*

Hob. Good morrow Master Doctor; my good Ladie !
Bones a me woman, thou look'ft sad to day.

Thou hast not drunke a cup of sacke this morning.

La: Ram. We haue been dealing of our charitie
This morning, to poore souldiers such as want.

Hob. Gods blessing of your heart, need must be fed,
Let vs that haue it glue the hungrie bread.

Egger Rowland alias Tauricote.

Taw. Where's master *Hobson*?

Hob. My new elected master of the Hospitall,
What hasty newes with you ?

Taw. Oh sir, the lous I beare you makes me charie
Of your good name, your credit's deere to me ;
You never were condemn'd for any thing,
Since I had first acquaintance with your name ;
As now you are, you haue done a deed this day,
That hath from you tane all good thoughts away.

Hob. Where ? bones a me why ? speake, why ?

Taw. This day, you haue purfu'd the law seuerely
Against one *Timothy*, that stole from you
A hundred pound, and hee's condemn'd for it,
And this day he must die.

Hob. Bones man, tis not so.

Taw. He is by this, halfe way to Tyburne gone ;
The suit was followed in *John Gresham's* name,
How can you then avow you know it not ?

Hob. A horse, a horse, cart-horse, mault horse, anything
To save the knaues life, I protest, I sweare
This was the first time that I heard the knaue

Hath

you know no bodie.

Hath beene in any trouble, bones of mee,
T'was done without my knowledge.

Taw. Yong *Grefham* in his name purfide his life.

Hab. They are knaues both, a Horse,
A hundred thousand pound cannot make a man:
A hundred shall not hang one by my meanes:
Men are more worth then monie *M. Roulard*,
Come helpe me to a horse, the next I meete,
To sauе the knaue's life galloppes through the street.

Exit Hobson and Tawinccott.

Naw. Men are more worth then money, a say's true:
Tis said by many but mantain'd by few.

Lady. He is plaine and honest, how many great professors
Lie in this populous Cittie, that make shew
Of greater zeale, yet will not pay so deare
For a transgessors life: but few are found,
To sauе a man would loose a hundred pound. *Enter Tawinccott.*

Naw. So suddenly return'd?

Taw. He rid to fast for me he hath been at buffets
With a poore Collier, and vpon his horse,
Is without saddle, bridle, bootes or spurres,
Gallop't toward *S. Gyles*.

Naw. They will take him for a mad man.

Taw. Als one to him he doo's not stand on brauery
So he may doe men good, good deeds excells
And though but homely done, may be done well.

Lady. Heaven prosper his intentz now *M. Doghos*,
And *M. Roulard*, let me crave your companies,
To see my crazy husband, who hath made you
One of his executors, and would vse your paines
In these extremes of fickenesse.

Naw. I am please'd
I'll give him phisicke for a soule diseas'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter three Lords.

1. You are an early riser, my good Lord,
2. The blood of Youth that trafficks in the court
Must not be sluggish, your kind remembrance. (hetrayne
3. My very good Lord, wee that are flass that weight vpon
H. 3. Of

If you know not me,

Of such a *Cythia* vnder which we liue
Must not be *Tards*.

1. You haue said true, we are starters in one houre,
And our attendance is to waignt one such a *Queene*,
VVhose vertue all the world: but to leaue that
VVhich every tongue is glad to commyne with,
Since *Mersers* fift arrivall in the land,
The time that he was here, and the tyme since,
VVhat royaltie hath beene in Englands Court,
Both princely revelling, and war-like sport.

2. Such sports doe fity fit our Nation,
That forraine eyes beholding what we are,
May rather seeke our peace, then wish our warre.

3. Heaven blesse our Soueraigne from her foes intent,
The peace we haue, is by her gouernment. *Enter Doctor Party*.

1. M.Doctor Party.

2. Good Morrow M.Doctor.

3. You are an early riser sir,

Doctor. My Lord, my Lord, my very good Lord.

1. This Summer morning makes vs couetous
To take the profit of the pleasant ayre.

Doct. Tis healthfull to be stirring in a Morning.

2. It hath pleaseid the *Queene* to shew him many fauours,

3. You say but right, and since his last disgrace,

The cause so great it had surely touch't his life,
Had not the *Queene* beene gracious : he seemes at Court
A man more gracious in our Soueraignes eye
Then greater subiects.

2. She hath giuen him much preferment,
In greatest place grac't him with conference :
Ask't for him in his absence, and indeed
Made knowne to vs he is one in her regard.

3. But did you never here the cause of his disgrace?

3. He did intend the murther of a Gentleman,

One M. *Hares* here of the Inner Temple,

And so far brought his purpose to effecte,

That M. *Hare* being priuate in his Chamber,

Hee watching as he thought fit time, broke in vpon him.

you know no-bodie.

But he assaulted so, behau'd himselfe,
That he did guard himselfe, and attach't him,
From whence he was committed vnto New-gare,
And at the Sessions by twelue honest men,
Found guilty of Burglarie and condemn'd to die:
And had di'd, had her Grace not pardon'd him.

3. Shee is a gracious Princesse vnto all,
Many shee raiseth, wisheth none should fall.

1. Fie M.Doctor,
Your face beares not the habite it was wont,
And your discourse is altered, what's the matter?

Doſt. And if my brow be ſad or my face pale,
They doe belie my heart, for I am merry.

3. Men beeing as you are, ſo great in grace
With ſuch a royll Princesſe, haue no reaſon.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Roome Gentlemen for my L. high Steward.

*Enter the Earle of Leceſter, all the Lords
flocke after him, & exēnt.*

Maner Party.

Doſt. The diſcontented deſire to be alone,
My wiſhes are made vp, for they are gone.
Here are no blaſts but thus, and this one cloſe
Ile keepe from going with a doublelocke:
Yet it will ſtrike, this day it muſt be done.
What muſt be done? what muſt this engine doe?
A deed of treaſon hath prepar'd mee too,
Theſe too, theſe too, why they haſt life by her,
And ſhall theſe two kill their deliueter?
The life that makes me riſe? theſe once my finne
Had forſeited, her mercie pardon'd me:
I had beene eaten vp with wormes ere this,
Had not her mercie giuen a life to thiſt:
And yet theſe hands if I perforeme my oth,
Muſt kill that life, that gaue a life to both.
I haue tane the Sacraſtē to doo't, conſer'd
With Cardinal *Cams* about it, and receiu'd
Full aſſolution from his Holynes,

Beene

If you know not me,

Beene satisfied by many holy fathers,
During my travells both in Frantie and Italie,
The deed is iust and meritorious,
And yet I am troubled when I doe remember
The excellencie of her Maiestie,
And I would faine desist, but that I know
How many vowes of mine are gone to heauen,
My letters and my promises on earth,
To holy fathers and graue Catholikes:
That I would doo't for good of Catholicks.
Then in the Garden where this day shee walkes,
Her graces I will cast behind mine eyes, *Enter Gen.*
And by a subiect hand, a Soueraigne dyes.

Gen. Create the way Gentlemen for the Queene:
Master Doctor Party. *Exit Gen.*

Daff. O, let me les a difference in this man!
Before this Queene (that I am come to kill)
Shew'd me the gracious eye of her respect,
And gave me countenance mong'st greatest Earles;
This man was forwarder to thrust me forth,
Then now he is humble to accept me in.
If then her Grace hath honour'd me so much,
How can this hand give her a treacherous touch?
The Trumpets speake, heauen what shal I doe?
Euen what hell, & my dam'd heart shal thrust me too.

Enter Queen, Lector, and Lords.

Queen. Faire day my Lords, you are all Larkes this morning,
Up with the Sunne, you are stirring earely.

Lector. VVe are all subiects to your Soueraignes light.

Queen. That you call dutie we accept as loue,
And we doe thanke you, nay we thanke you all;
Tis not to one, but tis in generall.

Loff. The Queene would walke apart, forbear my Lords.

Daff. Now, what makes me shake?

Doe Angels guard her, or doth heauen partake
Her refugie?

Queen. In such a Garden may a Soueraigne,
Be graunted her louing subiects to maintaine;

Each

you know no body.

Each Plant vnto his nature and his worth,
Having full cherishing, it springeth forth.
VVeedes must bee weeded out, yet weeded so,
Till they doe hurt, let them a Gods name grow.

Doct. Now Queen. *He offereth her.*

Queen. VVho's there, my kind friend M. Doctor Parry?

Doct. My most dread Soueraigne,

Queen. VVhy doe you tremble M. Doctor? have you any foy
Shake not at vs, we doe our Subjects loue. (to vs)
Or does thy face shew signes of discontent.
Through any hearie want oppresteth thee?
Though at our Court of Greene-wich thou were crost.
In suing to be Master of Saint Katherines,
To doe thee good seeke out a better place,
Shee'lle give thee that, the which hath ginen thee grace.

Doct. I know your loue dread Queen: Now.

Queen. M. Doctor, about the talk we had together,
Of English Fugitives that seeke my life:
You told mee of them I am beholding to you.

Doct. I did no more then dutie: O happy tyme!

Queen. And will they still persiste? doe they desire my blood?
That wake when I should sleepe to doe them good.

Doct. Madam.

Queen. O my maker! Parry, Villaine, Traitor,
VWhat doost thou with that Dagger?

Doct. Pardon dread Soueraigne,

Queen. Pardon thou villaine, shewes thou art a Traitor,
Treason my Lords, Treason. *Enter the Lords.*

Leff. Ha, by the bleſſt place of heauen, treason & weſte? A
Traitor with a Dagge, Gods holy mother.

Lords guard the Queen: are you not frighued Madam?
Ile play the Sergeant to arreſt the wretch.

Queen. Be not so rash good Leceſter, hee's dead already,
Stucke with ſenſe of that he was come to doe:
Pray leſt me ſpeak with him/Say M. Doctor,
VVherein haue I defraſd an ill of you,
Vileſſe it were an ill in pardoning you,
What haue I done toward you to ſeke my life.

FF YOU FRIENDS ME,

Wilest it were in taking you to grace.

Dott. Mercie dread Queen.

Queen. I thank my God, I haue mercie to reme,
A greater sinne, if you reme for it.

Arise.

Lest. My Lards what do you meane take hence that widdon,
Let her gone, shee pardon him agayne.

Good Queen we know you are too mercifull,
To dealt with Traitors of this monstrous kinde.

Impey with him to the tower, then to deaht,
A Traitors death, shall such a Traitor haue,

That leckes his Soueraignet life that did him taue.

Queen. Good Dott.

Lest. Good Queene you must be rul'd.

Enter Jacke Gresham.

John. Nay stoope Jacke, hold on thy resolution, they say, that
may happen in one houre that happens not againe in 7. yeare,
and I shal change to take her in the right vaine, and shal
by beslow her selfe vpon me, why then there's a man made from
nothing, for before God I haue spent all and am not worth any
thing, and indeed wilest this same good old Ladie ~~Ramse~~ take
some prie vpon me & take me for better for worse, God knowes
in which of the two Countreys I shal keepe my next Christmas
in, but by this hand if shee will accept of mee in this miserable
estate that I am in now, for before God, I haue neither money
nor credite, as I am an honest man, and that's more I am feare'd,
then any man will beleue of mee, ile forswearre all women but
her, & wil not kille any of my neighbours wifes for a kingdome.
heres the house, He knock at the doore, what shal I doo't in the
Cavellere humoure, with whose within there Ho, or in the Puritane
humoure, with by your leauue goodbrother, if faith in neither,
for in the one I shal be taken for a swaggeing knaute, and in the
other to be an hypocriticall foole, but honest Jacke in thine own
honest humoure phane dealing's a level, and I haue vs'd it so long
I am next doore to a begger.

Enter 2. Creditors.

But Gods precious, what a plague make these here, these 2.
are two of my Creditors, I must stolpe their mouthes, fleet them
from hence, or all the fats in the fire,

L. M. Gresham, you are well met.

John.

John (holding back)

John. I hope Gentlemen you will say so soon. The poore are alone, are you not?

1. Alone M. *Gresham*, why doe you aske?

John. A man hath reason to aske, beeing as I am, that nearely feeleth his Creditors, but is a feard of the Catch-pole. But you are kind my friends, and I thanke you, you will beare with me.

1. I but M. *Gresham*, a man may beare till his backe breake,

John. I, Porters may, but you, that are sustentiall honest Citizens, there is no feare to be made of your breaking; you know there's no man so low but God can raise him; and though I am now out at heeles, or so as you thinke, I am in the yare of preuentment, & hope to be able to pay every man within this houre.

1. We should be glad to see it. *2.* But how pay Sir?

John. How? why very easily, if I can compasse it: The truth is, though you would little thinke it, I am a Sutor for my L. *Ramsay*.

1. But I dare sware she is no sutor to you.

Enter Lady Ransay, and D. Novel.

John. Why that's true too; for if shee were a Sutor to mee, we shoule be man and wife straight & you shoule haue your money within this halfe houre. But looke, looke where shee comes: as you are good-men mum, patience and pray for my proceedings: If I do speed as I am partly peruwaded, you shall haue your own with the aduantage, if I shoule be croft you know the worst, for-bearance is no acquaintance: but mum, if it prooue a march & any of you shoule chance to be in the Counter, you know my marriage being spited, my word wil be currant, then mum.

Now. Madam you are welcome into Lumber-street.

Lady. I thanke your curteisie, good M. *Deane*.

Job. See how fortunatly all things chance, if it happen as I hope it wil, she taking a liking to me, here is a Priest to marry vs presently Madam. *Lady.* Would you any busines with me sir?

John. Faith Lady necessary busines, & not to go far about the bush, I am come to be a Sutor vnto you, & you know the fashion of yong men when they come a wroing to ancient widowes, the way to speed is to begin thus. *L.* You are very forward sir.

Job. You would say so *Lady* if you knew how forward I would be: but Madam you are rich, and by my Troth I am very poore, and I haue been as a man should say stark neaught: but bee goes

By your Honour my love,

At the newes of this, and if now I have a deafe to thend & be-
ing in so good a way, you know how vncharitable it were in you
to put mee out of it, you may make an honest man of mee, if
youe please you, and when thos haft made mee one, by my Troth
I haue kept my selfe, for I am a Gentle man both by the fa-
thers side and mothers side, and though I haue not the mucke of
the world I haue a great deale of good loue, and I prethee ac-
cept of it.

Mary. M. Deane. Do you know this Gentlemanes busynesse to me,

John. Not I, believe me Madam. I shall haue her faire why he tell you Sir, my Lady here
is a countrey gentle, rich widow, & I am a honest, proper, poore
young man, remembreding that am a Gentleman, now what good
meanches may doe to her poorttie, your grauete may greate faire
a soule perhaps M. Deane, looke you hir, it is but ghyng my
hand into hers, and hers into mine M. Deane, I protest before
God that haft my heart already, and with somerise or fower
wordis which I know you haue by rote, makeys two my Ladie
and I, one till death vs depeint.

*John. This Gentleman thinks that to be a matter of aschewing
But do you loue me as you doe protest?*

*John. Loue you Madam loue you by this hand : I shall haue
her faire, friends you see how the busynesse goes forward, bring
me your billes to the sow morning or vpon the hopte that I haue,
you may leue thicke with me, I shall be able to discharge. M.
ha. Jacke.*

*Ladie. How will you maintaine me Sir, if I should marrie
you?*

*John. M. Minge, what neede shoue aske that question?
Roote thos haft maintenance yeaough for thee and I too.
If I should marrie you friend, you see how it goes now to mor-
row within an houre after I am married, I must take the vpper
hand of my Uncle, and the next Sunday I haue was scarce worthy
to sit in the Bellarie, the Church-wardens fetch me, and leat me
in the Chancell.*

*Ladie. M. Deane, I protest, never since I was widow,
never did man make so much loue to me.*

Sir,

With all my love, I am much beholden to you.

166. *Dot Mil*, pitchet doe not make it so, be chosen one of the common Counsell, or one of the Masters of the Horscill, so perhaps I shall never become it, marrie if I should bee chosen one of the Masters of Bridewell, for some of my old acquaintance; but, I would take it spotisise, vice must be corrected, vice must be corrected.

La. Ram: Fill me a large cup full of Hippocrate,
And bring me hither 20.li. in gold.

Iohn. And one of your husbands Littry Gowmes, so how
you trouble your selfe so much, that gold is to content vs with-
all: a simble morning: Friends, you cannot beat me downe with
your bils. M.Deane of Poules I pray you stay and dide with me
you shall not say mete nay, the oftner you come, the more wel-
come.

John. I thanke God, and all the world may see That I am likely to be so well bestowed.

*Lady. Sir, you shall not say the loue you shew'd to me,
Was entertain'd but with kind curtesie:
This for your loue, and your health, I drink. A.
Pledge me.*

John. I by my Torth *Mall* will I weare it as deepe as a well.
Ladie. Now for your paines there is twentie pound in gold.

Nay, take the Cuppe too fir, thanks for your loue.

And were my thought's beng vnto marriage,
Frather wold with you that seeme thus wild,
Then one that hath wroste thoughts and seemes moe mild.

Job. Poote will you not hanse me then?

Lady. Yes, when I mean to marry any other.
And that not ~~whilst~~ now.

John, See how a man may be deceived. I thought I should have been foretold this time; well, though I shall not have you, I shall have this with a good will.

Ladies. Withall my heart, and for the love you have shewes,
Wish it to thrives with you even as mine owne,

1. To Morrow shall we attend your worship?
2. Sir he's my biffit comes to twenty pound.

If you know not me,

John. Friends, Ploydens Proverbe, The Case is altered: and by my troth I haue learn'd you a Lesson, Forbearance is no Acquaintance.

Lady. What men are these?

John. Faith Madam, men that haue my hand, though not for my honesty, yet for the money that I owe them.

Lady. What doth he owe you?

1. Fifte pound, Madame.

Lady. What you?

2. A hundred Markes.

Lady. Ile pay you both: and sir to doe you good,
To all your Creditors Ile doe the like.

John. That's said like a kinde wench,
And though we neuer meet againe,
We will haue one Busie more at parting:
And now I faith I haue all my wilde oates sownen,
And if I can grow rich by the helpe of this,
Ile say I rose by Lady *Rousies* kisse.

Exeunt.

A peale of Chambers.

Enter *Queen*, *Hunsdon*, *Leicester*, *Drum*,
Colours, and *Souldiers*.

Queen. A stand there Lords, Whence comes this sound of shot?

Left. Please it your Maiestie, tis thought the Fleet
Lately discouered by your Subiect *Flemming*,
Riding along the Coasts of *France* and *Dunkerke*,
Is met and fought with by your Admirall.

Queen. Heauen prosper his proceeding; harke my Lords,
Stil it increasteth: Oh had God and Nature,
Giuen vs proportion man-like to our mind,
Whee'd not stand here fenc't in a wall of Armes,
But haue beene present in these Sea a larmes.

Huns. Your roiall resolution, hath created

New

you know no bodie.

New spirits in your souldiers brefts, and made
Of one man three.

Enter a Poet.

Queen. Make way there, what's the newes,
Poet. Your Royall Fleet bids battel to the Spaniards,
VVhose number with the aduantage of the wind,
Gives them great oddes but the vndaunted worth,
And well knowne valour of your Admirall,
Sir Francis Drake, and *Martin Furbisher*
Gives vs assured hope of victorie.

Queen. VVhere did the royll Naunes first encounter?
Poet. From Douer Clifffes we might discerne them ioyne,
But such a cloud of smoke lnuiron'd them,
VVe could discouer noughe of their proceedings:
For the great Spanish Fleet had wind and Tide,
God and good hearts stand on your Graces side.

Queen. Ther's for thy newes: he that first lent me breath,
Stand in the right of wrong'd *Elizabeth*.

Omnes. God and his Angels, for *Elizabeth*.

Enter another Poet.

Queen. VVelcome a Gods name, what's the newes my friend,
Alas, good man: his lookes speakes for his tongue.
How stands the sea-fight.

Poet. Much contrarious.
The Spanish Fleet cast in a warlike Ranke
Like a halfe Moone, or to a full bent bow,
Wait for aduantage: when amongt the rest
Sir Martin Furbisher blinded with smoke,
And fir'd in heart with emulating honour,
Gave the proud Spaniard a broad side of shot:
But being within the compasse of their danger,
The distant corners of the gripled Fleet
Circled him round: this valiant *Furbisher*,
With all his braue and gallant followers,
Are foulde in deaths armes.

Queen. If he Suffrie,
He shall be nobly ransomed: If he die,
He lies an honour to his Nation.

How

How fares our Ad'miral? he, a lord in highest wth us.
P^r. Branely he fightes,
Directs with judgement and with heedfull care,
Offends the Foe: England neare brod
Men that us see fighte better manage.

Q^{ueen}. cheer my brest, and if my God be pleased
For some neglected sinnes in our leste
To punish vs with losse of them at leas,
His will be done: yet will I pray for them.
If they returne, our selfe will be the first
Will bid them wel come: what fayes valiant
Thou wyl not leaue me vntill thou dost thou looke pale?
What fayes olde *Hans*? may ilc speake thy part,
Thy hand old Lord, I am sure I haue thy heart.

H^{er}ff. Both hand and hart.

A trumpet crying a Fanfroy.

Enter a Captaine.

Q^{ueen}. Then let both heart and hand,
Be branely us'd in honour of our Land.
Before thou speakest take that, if he be dead,
A Queene will see his Funerall honoured.

C^{ap}. V^rhen the foes shippes
Had grasp't his shippes within a steely girdle,
The valiant Captaine ouer-charg'd with her,
Hauing no roome for cowardize or leare,
Gau^e all his ordinance a gallant charge,
Cheer'd vp his soldiery, man'd vp his fightes,
And standing bare-head, branely on the decke,
Whea dangerous shippes as thickke as April haile
Dropt by his eares, he waued his war-like sword,
And with a bold de fiance to the Foe,
The watch-word gien, his Ordinance ouer flie.
VVith such a furie, that it broke their rankes,
Shotter'd their sides and made their war-like shippes
Like drunkards recle, and tumbble side to side;
But to conclude such was the will of heauen,

And

You know my body.

The true spirit of that Gentleman,
That being thought hopeless to be preserved,
Yet in warres despite and all the Spaniards strofe,
He brought his ship and soldierns brauely off.

Q. n. Warres spight indeed, and we to doe him right,
The shippes he falleth, fought in eaſt Warres spight.
Now noble fouldierns rouze your hearts like me,
To noble resolution if any here
There be that loue vs all, or harbour feare;
Wee giue him libertie to ſet our Campe
Withoute diſplayre,
Our Armies roſſall ſo be small our hearts,
For with the meanſt heere we ſpend my blood,
And ſo to loose it couers my onely good.
A March, laed on: wee'll meet the worlē can fall,
A mayden Queene will be your Generall.

*They march into way out, at the other doore enter
Sir Francis Drake with Colours, and
Ensignes taken from the
Spaniards.*

VVhat meane these Spanish Ensignes in the hands
Of English Subiects?

Drake. Honourable Queene,
They ſhew that Spaniards lines are in the hands
Of Englands Souerigne.

Queene. Englands God be praif'd
But prethe *Drake*, for well I knowne thy name,
And ile not be vnmindfull of thy worth/
Breefly rehearſe the daunger of the battle,
Till *Furbiſſer* was refuced wee haue heard.

Drake. The daunger after that was worse than then:
Valour a both ſides strove to riſe with honour,
As is a paire of Belliſſe exocmade euer,

If you know not me,

So flood the day, inclin'd to neither side:
Sometimes we yeelded, but like a Rumme
That makes recourement to redouble strength,
Then forc't them yeeld when our Lord Admairall
Following the chace: *Pedro their Admiral*,
With many Knights and Captaines of account,
VVere by his noble deeds rase prisoners,
And vnder his Conduct are safely kept:
And are by this time landed at S. Margret:
From whence they meane so marche long by land,
And at S. James he'e greet your M'fie,
These Spanish Ensignes takenes of our Conquest,
Our Captaines tooke from off their barterred ships:
Such as flood our we sunke, such as submitted,
Tafted our English mercie, and farruise
Vassals and prisoners to your Soueraigntie.

Quo Next vnder God, your valors haue the prafe:
Dismiss our Campe, and tread a royll March
Towards S. James, where as myniall orders
We'e meete and parkey our Lord Admairall,
And set a ransome of his Prisoners,
As for those Ensignes see them safely kept,
And give commandement to the Deane of Powles,
He not forger in his next learned Sermon,
To celebrate this conquest at Powles Crofie,
And to the Audience in our name declare,
Our thankes to heauen in vniuersall Preverenz and to
For tho our enemys be ouer throwne,
Tis by the hand of heauen, and not our armes,
On: Sound a call; Now louing Countreymen,
Subjects, and fellowes of all diuers, cheche theire left
Your weeping wiues, your goods and thilinkes,
And layd your liues vpon the edge of death,
For good of England, and Englands heire, haue now
We thanke you all: whose therfore vs would bleed,
Shall finde vs kinde to theire land and to theire seed.
We haure dismiss you and dismiss you Campe, to eten and to

Againe

you know no body.

Againe we thanke you: pleaserth God we liue,
A greater reconipence then thankes wee'le glue.
All. Our liues, and livings for Elizabeth.
Queen. Thankes; generall thankes,
Towards London march we to a peacefull throne,
We wish no warres, yet we must guard our owne.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

